



No. 238.—VOL. XIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MISS VIOLET GREY-EGERTON, NOW LADY ROMILLY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. THOMSON, GROSVENOR STREET, W.

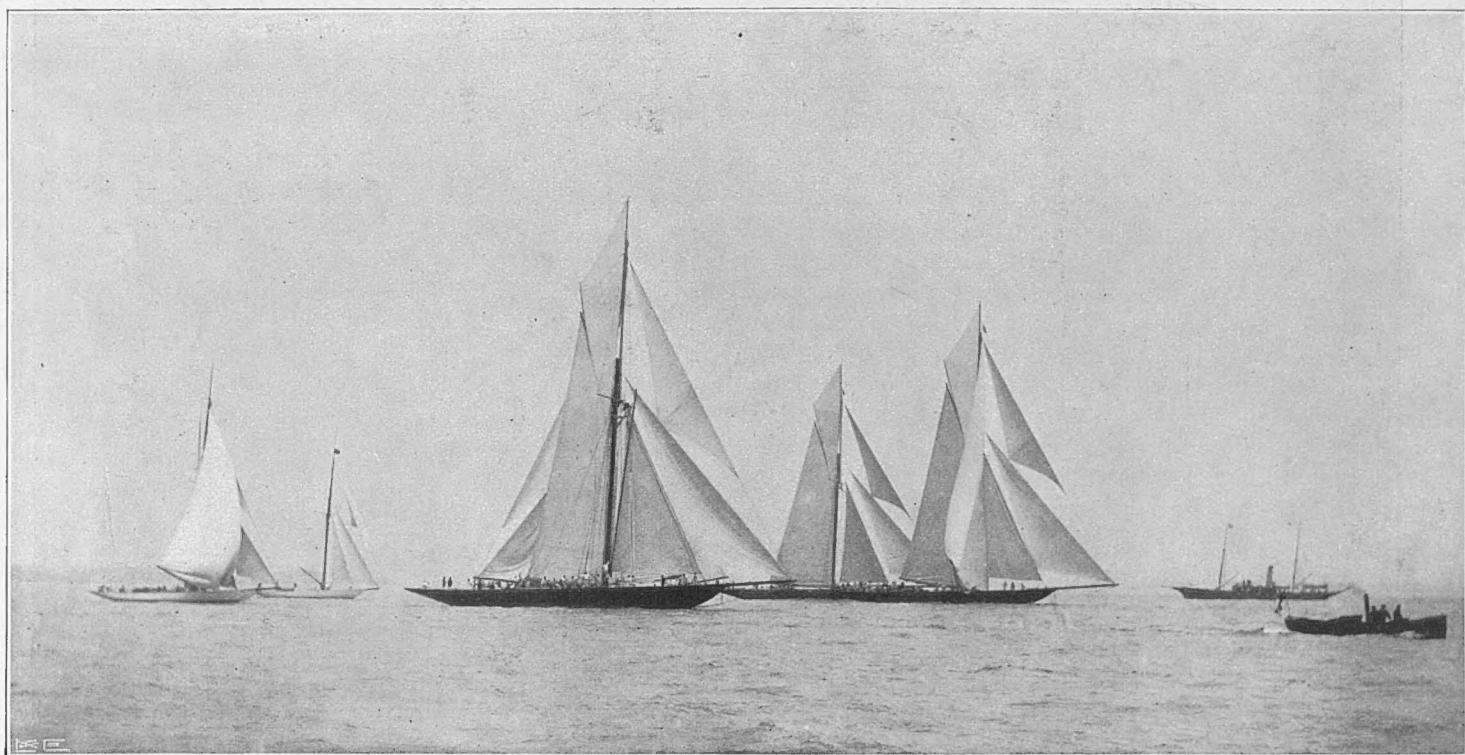
THE AMAZING MARRIAGE.

The remnant of Society which still lingers in town has been afforded a pleasant diversion in the sudden marriage of Miss Violet Edith Grey-Egerton to Lord Romilly. The romance has not been equalled since that historic July morning, thirty-three years ago, when Lady Florence Paget, the sister of the present Marquis of Anglesey, walked into one end of a West-End shop and emerged at the other, where she entered a cab and drove to St. George's, Hanover Square, and was married to the fourth and last Marquis of Hastings, while the young commoner to whom she was engaged was left out in the cold. Miss Violet Grey-Egerton's case is not dissimilar. She was to have been married to Mr. Ernest Cunard last Thursday week. On the previous Monday she went out walking with him, and parted from him, says the quidnunc, "in perfect harmony." But she could not forget an old lover, Lord Romilly, who had been singularly faithful to her for many a day. So early next morning (Tuesday) she drove to the same romantic spot, St. George's, Hanover Square, with her maid, Miss Jessie Scott, and was married by special licence to Lord Romilly, whose solicitor (appropriately named Mr. Hastie) acted as best man. There were no bridesmaids, no pages, no orange-blossom. The lady wore a simple travelling-dress of black and white, with a skirt of a darker shade, and she was given away by her maid. When the Society paragraphists discovered this amazing marriage they varied their monotonous triflings over Cowes and Homburg by biographing her

TWO REVIVALS.

"In Town" shows a degree of vitality somewhat surprising, for it appeared to be in no way old-fashioned, despite the number of its successors. To succeed Mr. Arthur Roberts in such a part as that of Captain Coddington was a very formidable matter for Mr. Louis Bradfield, but he succeeded wonderfully by his vivacity and cleverness in keeping the house amused throughout the piece. Miss Minnie Hunt, who takes the part of heroine, plays pleasantly and sings very well. One of the best features of the piece is the absence of the gagging low comedian, who is replaced by characters aiming somewhat higher in humour. One of them is Shrimp the call-boy. Miss Claire Romaine, who plays it, has not the resource of Mr. Edmund Payne, yet shows no little vigorous broad comicality. One charge I must make against "In Town"—there is too little dancing in it. Why, in pieces of this class, belonging really to the "song-and-dance" category, the dancing should be confined to a little kick-up at the end of a song, I cannot see. The result is that the charming art of dancing gets more and more neglected, and those who might become valuable dancers aim at being singers and players as well, and become mediocre in all aspects. I ought hardly to pass over Miss Marie Studholme, who plays pleasantly, and Miss Florence Lloyd, who took the part of Lord Clanside and treated it cleverly and with no little tact.

Mr. Bradfield is "a pure Cockney," for he was born at Stoke Newington in 1866, and was educated first at a private school and then at the



40 Rato.s.

Littania.

Au ora.

Meteor.

A YACHTING FLEET AT COWES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KIRK, COWES.

ladyship, recounting that she was engaged to Lord Romilly long ago. The affair, however, was broken off somehow or another, as were two other engagements. While a good deal of romance attaches to a marriage of the sort, one cannot forget that there is another side from which to view it.

Lady Romilly, who was born on May Day 1870, is the only surviving sister of Sir Philip Henry Brian Grey-Egerton, Bart., of Oulton Park, Tarporley, Cheshire. The family trace themselves back to the time of Henry III. In 1617 Sir Rowland Egerton, Knight, was baronetted, and married a daughter of Lord Grey de Wilton. The seventh baronet was elevated to the peerage in 1784 as Baron de Grey de Wilton, and in 1801 was made Earl of Wilton. On his death the barony expired, but the earldom descended to his grandson, while the baronetcy reverted to a distant kinsman. Lady Romilly's father, who died six years ago, was the eleventh baronet. Two of her brothers and two of her sisters predeceased their father.

Baron Romilly, who is thirty-one years old, is a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards. The first of the Romillys in England, namely, Sir Samuel, a great lawyer and philanthropist, was a member of a French Protestant family who had taken refuge in this country after the Edict of Nantes. His second son, who was also a great lawyer, was created Baron Romilly in 1866, two months previous to the birth of the present baron, his only grandson, who is the third baron. The second Lord Romilly was Clerk of Emoluments in Chancery. He died in 1891, a few months before Miss Grey-Egerton's father. The Romillys' seat is at Porthkerry, Cowbridge, Glamorganshire. In view of the amazing marriage which Lord Romilly has just celebrated, he may well claim that the motto of his family has been completely fulfilled. It is "Persevere."

Grocers' Company's School at Hackney. He began life at the desk, but finding, as usual, clerical work most irksome, he at last abandoned it for the stage, and made his first professional appearance some six years ago in the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham. Then he joined Mr. Van Biene's company, to undertake Fred Leslie's parts in "Ruy Blas," "Rip Van Winkle," and "Cinder-Elle Up Too Late," an engagement which he says was of the utmost value to him as a useful and artistic training. After this he was engaged by Mr. George Edwardes.

Since January 1892, when Mr. Beerbohm Tree, after an experiment outside London, presented "Hamlet" at the Haymarket, many things have happened, but few new Hamlets have been seen. It will be remembered that his performance met with much admiration, but also adverse criticism, because of what was deemed almost an excess of tenderness. This still remains the keynote of his performance, and it may be doubted whether living playgoers have witnessed a more pathetic presentation of the great tragedy. This effect was heightened by the fact that Mrs. Tree's Ophelia is an exquisitely tender, melancholy piece of work. One result is to make the vigorous, manly Laertes of Mr. Lewis Waller seem almost brutal in its vigour. The Gravedigger of Mr. Lionel Brough is grimly humorous. I cannot help thinking of poor George Barrett, who took the part at the Lyceum—the best Gravedigger on record, many deemed him. By-the-bye, Mr. Edward Rose was Second Gravedigger to Barrett, and I remember that he played the part admirably; however, it is not wonderful that he prefers playwriting to acting. The character of Horatio is rarely given effectively, perhaps because players able to give full value to it shirk such an unsatisfactory part. Mr. Otho Stuart seemed to me one of the most interesting Horatios that I can remember. Miss Frances Ivor played the part of Gertrude very well.

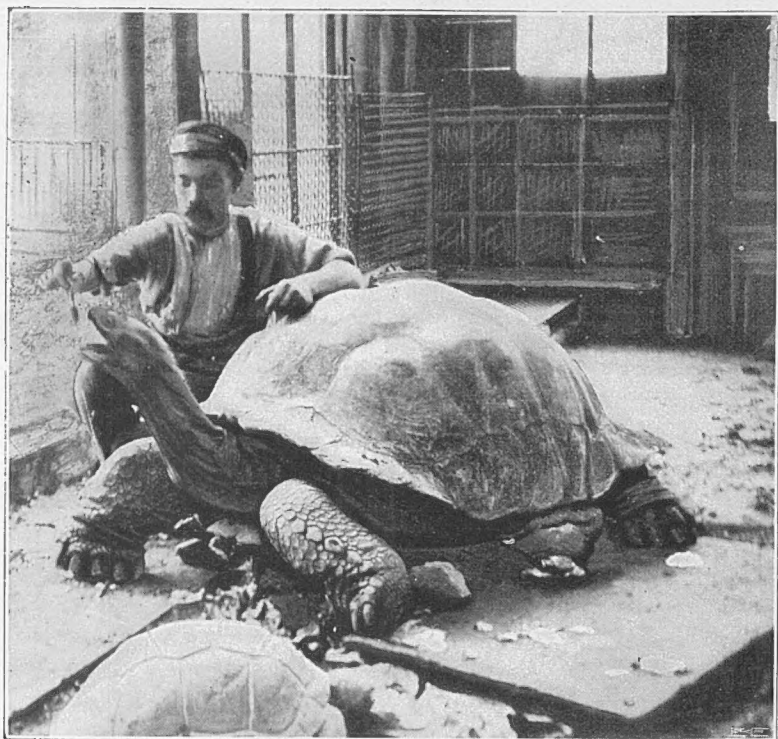


"THE LATONA," WHICH WON THE JUBILEE CUP AT THE SOUTHAMPTON REGATTA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY STUART, SOUTHAMPTON.

THE ALDABRA TORTOISE.

That the giant tortoises of the Galapagos and Aldabra groups can still be numbered among existing species is due in no small measure to the extraordinary longevity of the genus. In the Natural History Museum is a stuffed specimen of *Testudo elephantina* which weighed 870 pounds at the time of its death, and, though known to be at least eighty years



THE GIANT TORTOISE AT THE ZOO.

old, was still growing: whence we may justly infer that a giant tortoise of eighty is still a youth, and hope that the individual which the Hon. Walter Rothschild recently deposited in the "Zoo" has yet a long span of life before him. This interesting addition to the Gardens, *Testudo daudini* by name, is, like *T. elephantina*, a native of the Aldabran group, which lies about midway between Cape Amber, the most northerly point of Madagascar, and Zanzibar. Mr. Rothschild bought him from a family in Mauritius, whose ancestors imported him from Aldabra, and in whose possession he has been for the last century and a half. The date of his birth is unknown; but experts are of opinion that he is never three hundred than two hundred years old. There is nothing in his appearance or bearing to suggest advancing age; on the contrary, the sight of his favourite morsel, a carrot, stimulates him to positive alertness, and, though disinclined to often avail himself of the opportunities for exercise and recreation offered by the paddock and tank, within the house itself he is the most animated of the residents. It was desired to take his portrait out of doors, but the tortoise was not disposed to fall in with the views of the photographer, and the latter, recognising that argument with a five-hundredweight tortoise was futile, was obliged to "take him" as best he could. When a man "puts his foot down" he is hard to move; but when a tortoise weighing just 560 pounds takes his feet up, his position is beyond challenge in the absence of crowbars and tackle. This tortoise measures five feet six inches from head to tail, over the curve of the carapace, and is said to be the largest now in existence. As the number of these creatures has been greatly reduced of late years by crews whose vessels visit the tortoise's uninhabited home for the express purpose of catching the monsters, it may well be that there are none larger in a wild state. Some twenty-three years ago a number of eminent scientists petitioned the then Governor of Mauritius, whose authority extended to Aldabra, to prohibit the capture of the few remaining tortoises; but this petition was put in when the project of colonising the group was under consideration, and as the scheme was never carried out, no protective measures were adopted, for the excellent reason that such could not be enforced. The islands are low and covered with dense tangled bush, interspersed with patches of sand; and the bush affords the remnant of the Aldabra tortoises a refuge. Science recognises four distinct species of these reptiles in the Aldabran group, and no fewer than six distinct species in the Galapagos Islands off the South American coast; none of the latter, however, equal the Aldabran giants in point of size. Mauritius once owned a giant tortoise, peculiar to that island, and these were numerous down to the year 1740; they appear to have become extinct within a very few decades after. Rodriguez also boasted a giant tortoise until about a century and a half ago. Leguat, an explorer who visited Rodriguez in 1691, saw "flocks" of these great reptiles, which he estimated to number from two to three thousand individuals, and they lay so close together that a man might walk a hundred paces stepping from the back of one to another. Commander Cookson, who visited the Galapagos group in 1875, by special request, to ascertain how near the great tortoises were to extinction, reported them to be then exterminated on Charles Island, while on Hood, James, Indefatigable, and Chatham

Islands a few were still to be found. Abingdon and Albemarle Islands also could boast some specimens remaining, and the largest tortoise found on the former weighed 210 pounds. When we remember that in earlier days vessels called at the Galapagos and Aldabran groups for the purpose of taking a supply of tortoises for food, and that one vessel would take four hundred at a time, the marvel is that there should now be any left at all, in spite of their longevity and the paucity of their foes. The meat is said to be "excellent," but possibly the standard of marine epicures accustomed to weevilly biscuit and hard "salt tack" is not very high. I have certainly no very affectionate recollection of steaks from the much-prized turtle of the Malay coast. They were distinctly tough, and in flavour compared unfavourably with the bazaar beef, which is saying much. The Zoological Gardens have had five specimens of *T. daudini* during the last twelve years, and they have always done well. The photograph of the tortoise which until the arrival of Mr. Rothschild's new specimen was the largest in the enclosure, shows how greatly the latter exceeds his predecessors in size.

c.

THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL.

This week sees the end of the season's festival at Bayreuth, and the most enthusiastic Wagnerians cannot complain that the claims of the master have been overlooked by English folk. Musical amateurs who have not evinced any enthusiasm for Covent Garden, for instance, have burst into unexpected eloquence over the festival, and the newspapers have given unusually full accounts of the programme, which includes the "Ring" and "Parsifal." London society has been well represented. Among the Old Brigade of Wagner soloists, such as Herr Vogl, who figured as Siegmund in the first complete performance of the "Ring" at Bayreuth in 1876, there have been notable new-comers. Wotan has been played by Herr Van Rooy, a young singer with a magnificent bass voice, of whom much is expected. Fräulein Ellen Galbranson has made a distinct advance on her appearance last year as Brünnhilde, and Miss Marie Brema's Kundry and Fricka have improved. Miss Brema's success is all the more significant for English visitors in view of the fact that, though her parents were German, she was born and spent much of her childhood in Ireland, and has been trained by Mr. Henschel. In October she goes to the Birmingham Festival.

One devotee of Bayreuth has just answered the question whether the pilgrimage is still undertaken by lovers of music for music's sake, or whether the intellectual West End drags out in its train a number of hangers-on, who only go in order to be in the mode and up to intellectual



MISS MARIE BREMA.

Photo by Hüffert, Berlin.

date, by declaring that the large majority of visitors to Bayreuth are genuine lovers of the music-drama, though they may be at many and very various stages of intellectual appreciation. "Here and there, of course, one meets the London fashion-plated individual, looking for his lost duchess, talking at the top of his voice in the restaurant, and gushing over the music. But this dear creature does not, as a rule, come again."

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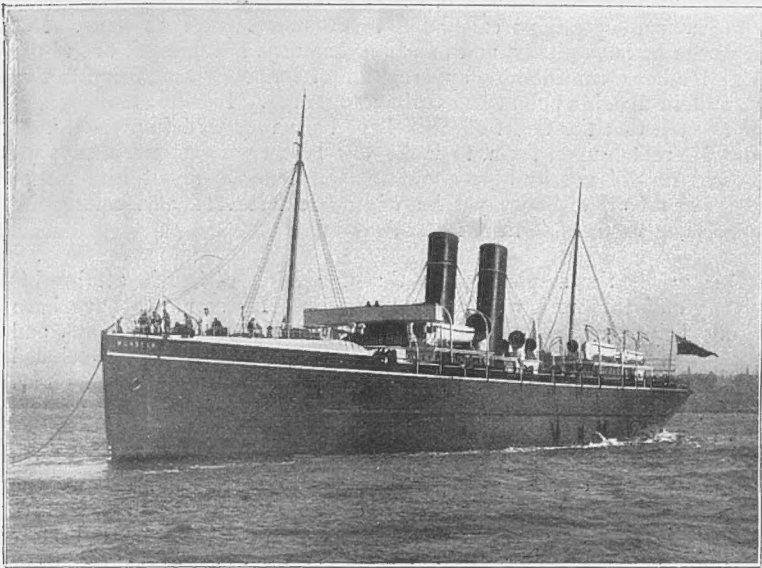
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SMALL TALK.

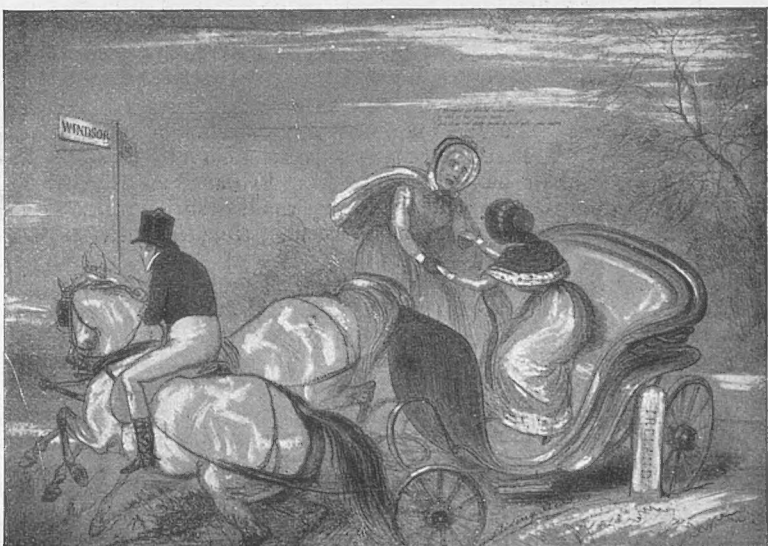
London is empty. That is the usual formula for August, and in the region of *The Sketch* office it is made apparently true by the fact that Fleet Street is "up," and no 'buses or other vehicles have passed down it



THE DUBLIN PACKET-STEAMER, "MUNSTER."

for days. Everybody is on tour, including royalties. The Kaiser has been in Russia, and the King of Siam has followed the fashion by visiting Scotland; the Prince and Princess of Wales have followed another lead by looking in at the Wagner performances at Bayreuth, and the Yorks have turned many eyes to Ireland. It is rather astonishing how little the Queen herself has travelled. There was no lack of invitations to her when she was younger, as the amusing cartoon which I reproduce here suggests, with its troop of foreign monarchs all presenting her with requests to visit them. Ireland received her with open arms, but her Majesty did not avail herself of their "will-ye-no-come-back-again." The difficulties of Ireland must have struck her at a very early stage of her career, for the caricature of the 'forties presented her as being almost upset by Erin. Nearly fifty years have passed since the Queen sailed to Ireland, and enormous improvements have taken place in transit since then.

The difficulties of crossing the Irish Channel are greatly reduced by such steamers as the *Munster*, one of the four splendid new vessels built by Messrs. Laird Bros., Birkenhead, for the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company, to enable them to carry on the Royal Mail new rapid service between Holyhead and Kingstown. The *Munster* is 381 feet long, 3000 tons gross register, 9000 horse-power, and her speed is twenty-four knots an hour. The mail-steamers run between Holyhead and Kingstown in connection with the London and North-Western Company's Irish mail-trains. These vessels carry only mails and passengers, and are the finest ever built for any cross-Channel service. The accommodation provided for passengers is quite luxurious. The sea-passage occupies about two and a-half hours, and passengers for Dublin can remain on board till 7.45 a.m., at which hour the special train leaves Kingstown Pier. Passengers for the interior of Ireland go right through from Kingstown Pier to their destinations immediately after the arrival of mail-steamer. There are those who believe, however, that no amount of steamers will make Ireland so accessible as even one narrow tunnel. Speaking of



Sir R. Peel. Wellington. The Queen.
"LATE THREATENED UPSET NEAR WINDSOR," 1844.
From an Old Cartoon.

this, a correspondent reminds me that Portpatrick, from which it is proposed to start tunnelling operations on the Scots shore, was visited by Mrs. Siddons on June 12, 1784, when she was *en route* for Dublin, after fulfilling a brilliant engagement at Edinburgh. The Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, for long minister at Portpatrick, wrote thus—

I shall give you one instance of her (Mrs. Siddons') amazing sensibility. Our village consists of a natural crescent facing the sea, bounded by rocks, and a range of hills in the background. When she came to the shore to embark, and raised her eyes to throw a parting look, I suppose, at Scotland, the wildness of the scenes about her—the rocks, the seas, and perhaps the primitive appearance of the natives—rushed upon her so powerfully that she heaved a deep sigh, and, looking terrified for a moment, to our utter astonishment she emitted all at once one of her wild cries. The effect was powerful beyond description; the rocks, the shore, and the concave conveyed the echoes. There was a general rush from the houses scattered along the beach. Seeing men, women, and children so alarmed, she herself apparently became more terrified; she repeated the cry, and actually screamed aloud. It was melancholy, and was mournful, and was piercingly loud. In a moment, as if by a sudden shock, or through the influence of some supernatural agency, the whole of the people lamented and sobbed aloud. Such a scene I never witnessed. There happened, singular to say, at that instant to pass a burial. The village bell tolled. The dismal notes of the agitated people, with the tolling of the bell and the howling of the bellman, as is the custom here, were all mingled together. But when she repeated these words, I then saw the scene she had in view—

"Methinks I stand upon some naked beach,
Sighing to the winds, and to the seas complaining,
While afar off the vessel sails away
In which my treasure and my soul's embarked!"

You might have seen the sailors involuntarily put their hands to the ropes, hoist the sails, and weigh the cables. One vessel actually sailed off, and the other would have followed if her husband had not interposed. "Come," says he, "my dear, what is all this for? You don't propose to swim to Ireland. Egad, if you don't make haste the vessel will sail absolutely!"

Ireland as a sporting centre has been rather overlooked. Some people believe that poaching and trespass in pursuit of game are encouraged by the lax administration of the law regulating the issue



THE SOVEREIGNS OF THE WORLD INVITING THE QUEEN TO VISIT THEM.
From an Old Cartoon.

of gun-licences. Certainly the Excise might, to the advantage of the Exchequer, exercise more vigorous control over the use of unlicensed sporting firearms; but, before poaching and trespass can be checked, both Justices of the Peace and members of the Constabulary must be induced to see these proceedings from an English and not an Irish point of view. I believe (writes a correspondent on this matter) that at least seven Justices out of ten regard poaching on their own or other people's land in much the same light as a rector regards sleeping in church. It is regrettable and improper, but "how can we stop it without giving serious offence?" The conditions of social life in Irish rural districts differ essentially from those on this side the Channel, and the standard of ethics in sport also differs. I have myself been invited by a Justice of the Peace to join him in a day's fishing *with an otter*. And as for the Constabulary—well, they too like a bit of sport, and fowl and fish existed long before game laws.

Scotland may have suffered a little by the march to Ireland, but as yet it has little to complain of, and what between the visit of his Majesty of Siam and the rejoicings over the majority of the Duke of Roxburghe, it has been unusually festive. True, the destruction of the amenity of the Falls of Foyers has been accomplished, but Lord Kelvin has taken the opportunity, in opening at Greenock a carbon-factory for the purpose of preparing carbon in connection with the electric furnace of the British Aluminium Company's works at Foyers, of presenting, as a scientist, his outlook regarding the future of the depopulated portions of the Highlands. Such work as that of the company, he declared, would transform the social economy of the country. Lord Kelvin anticipates a period when the Highlands will, to some extent, be repopled with cultivators of the soil, together with industrious artisans doing the work which the scientific utilisation of the water would provide for them.

In spite of the number and variety of the Queen's guests this summer, it is questionable if the Lord Chamberlain of to-day has as hard a task to perform as his predecessor of some two hundred and fifty years ago. The Earl of Montgomery was Lord Chamberlain to Charles I., and an interesting manuscript by Sir John Finette (or "Finet," as he prefers to spell it), who was the Master of the Ceremonies for many years, shows the complex nature of the duties which he was called on to perform. Sir John was paid at the rate of twenty shillings per diem while he was in town, his allowance for attendance out of town being twice that sum. Among other guests whom he had to look after were the Venetian Ambassador, the Ambassador from Denmark (evidently a great functionary, for his stay is twice as long as that of any other representative), an Ambassador-Extraordinary from Mantua, and two Moors, Commissioners from Barbary. The Venetian Ambassador and the "Commissioner from the States" were entertained with a bear-baiting at Whitehall before the King; nowadays they would be taken to "Lord's." M. de Soubise lingered for a fortnight at Portsmouth with upwards of thirty followers, so that the bill for their lodging came to over eight pounds. All this Sir John is careful to set out at length, and he does not forget to mention that when he goes posting about to Windsor, Bagshot, Gravesend, and other places, with these Ambassadors, he has to leave his family "in the country"—that is, Twickenham. He is not unreasonable in his charges, however, for his bill for services rendered, posting, lodging, and other expenses in connection with foreign representatives for more than eighteen months, only amounts to a trifle over two hundred and fifty pounds. Sir John Finette left behind him a little book, "Finetti Philoxensis," in which he amusingly

describes his experiences of some thirty years as Assistant and Master of the Ceremonies

There is no more pathetic scene in London than the out-patients' department of the Hospital for Sick Children at Shadwell, in the slums of the East-End. Here you may see the most wretched little specimens of the *genus homo* gathered together in a profusion which must astonish anyone unacquainted with the nature and outward similitude of the East-End child. The Jew and the Gentile, the stunted, the strumous, the wasting, the rickety, in their mothers' arms, in worn-out "prams,"



AN OUT-PATIENT.

walking with crutches, trying to walk without them—all may be seen patiently waiting their turn in the out-patients' department of this admirably managed institution, where great West-End doctors and highly educated women do their best to alleviate the sufferings of the waifs and strays who, born amid disease and surroundings which make for death, are brought in their hundreds to be healed of the divers complaints which, hereditary or otherwise, they have contracted almost from their birth. Those of us who live in the country, or even in the prosperous districts of the great Metropolis, would probably fail to recognise as of the same race as ourselves many of the monkey-like looking objects which daily pass through the hands of the medical staff at Shadwell. In sorrow and not in scorn I say it, for I have seen what spectacles of human misery, from a few days old to fourteen or fifteen years, the good doctors and kindly nurses are called upon to deal with. The cynic may exclaim, "It were better for the human race that they should die!" The illustration I give is from a photograph taken by one of the resident staff at Shadwell. Surely it is pathetic enough to move a heart of stone!

The King of Siam has a keen appreciation of the important part which the newspapers play in this country. During his visits to Kew Gardens, Westminster, St. Paul's, and other places, he was always accompanied by a group of newspaper-men. On one occasion a member of the royal suite went out of his way to ascertain which journals were represented. It did not need much penetration to discover that he did this not out of personal curiosity, but to satisfy the curiosity of his master. At no time has the King manifested the slightest desire to escape the vigilance of "the gentlemen of the Press." Quite the reverse. He rather spread himself out for their benefit, and smiled a quiet smile when he saw that an action or a word was being duly recorded. Take, for example, his shout in Westminster Abbey, "Where is the other one who was beheaded?" He wanted English people to know that he was acquainted with the history of Charles the First as well as with the romantic story of Mary Stuart. Really, if King Chulalongkorn is not discreet he will be getting himself interviewed before he leaves us.

Still, from the point of view of the newspaper-man, his Majesty of Siam has proved rather a lean lion in comparison to that other Oriental potentate, Li Hung Chang. The simple fact is that the King is not quite Oriental enough—meaning that he is too well acquainted with the manners and customs of the West. He rarely asks an awkward question, while Li Hung Chang never asked a question that was not awkward for the person to whom it was addressed. Now and then his Majesty has seemed on the way to questions calculated to produce ludicrous results. But every time he has quickly, and indeed gracefully, got himself out of the hole. He has a considerable appreciation of humour, in addition to this tact, and, in fine, is a potentate of gifts and graces. It is not blowing any secret to tell that the Court officials have been very well impressed with him. He relied upon them to make the best arrangements always for him, and he did not quibble about trifles. Nobody about him forgot that he was King of Siam, yet he will be remembered at Buckingham Palace as an "agreeable little fellow."

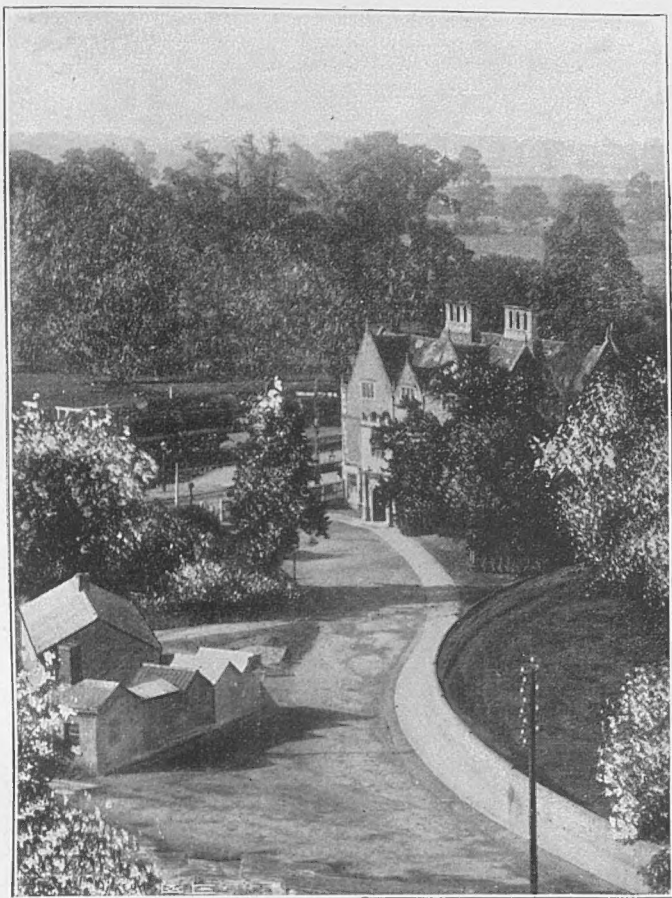
One greets the announcement that the King of Servia attains his majority only this week with amused surprise. He seems to have been seeking brides, dismissing Ministers, perpetrating Coups d'États, and setting his own particular river on fire for so long that we concluded he must be at least as ancient as, say, the German Emperor. However, he was born in 1876, August 2 or 14, according as you reckon by the old style or the new, and has only been a King crowned and anointed for eight or nine years. The anointing in Servia is an impressive ceremony of peculiar importance, as it proclaims the Sovereign a legitimate successor to the old Servian "Czars" and secures to him the allegiance of many who might otherwise hesitate to bestow it. Those who have held official positions at the Court of Belgrade are inclined to think that the young Alexander merits more personal respect and consideration in Europe than has hitherto been accorded to him. He reads a French novel now and again, they admit; but he also reads the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, or whatever may be its Servian equivalent. When travellers of distinction visit his Court he generally gives them an audience, and though he does not talk much he listens with intelligence, and the questions he asks prove that he watches the course of events with diligence, albeit with a certain cynical acumen. Then he brings so much patience to bear on the task of governing his people that no one would be inclined to back up the Servians when they cavil at the somewhat frequent visits their King pays to Biarritz.

The ex-Queen Nathalie—by the way, what an unfair proceeding it was of King Milan to make his consort an ex-Queen, when he intended to abdicate so soon!—well, the royal Nathalie has a well-appointed and commodious villa at Biarritz, in which she keeps up a kind of Court, and, no doubt, the young King finds time pass more pleasantly here than in his bachelor quarters in the very dreary *Konak* of Belgrade. Few of the entertainments at the palace are graced by the presence of the fairer half of the Servian nobility, and even when commands to appear are issued to the wives and daughters of statesmen, and so on, it is noticed that those endowed with special charm and comeliness are kept at a distance from the young monarch. This since the one growing fear in the heart of Queen Nathalie and the Ministers is that the King should make some non-royal matrimonial alliance, in which case his crown would not be worth a ducat. However, the youthful monarch is level-headed and has a good deal of common-sense, so, if allowed to seek a bride for himself, he is likely to do as well as if he had Ristitch, Belimarkovitch, Protitch, and Co. to select a consort for him.

The Jubilee Number of the *Nugget*, from Salisbury, South Africa, has just turned up. It revels in cartoons and costs half-a-crown. It is well worth the money, as its production, which is entirely by hand, must have cost hours of labour. In addition to the usual number of interesting articles is an unvarnished account of a trooper's experiences with the Salisbury Column in Matabeleland in the early summer of last year. Some three hundred and fifty miles north-east, as the crow flies, is Zomba, where a printed sheet is published known as the *British Central Africa Gazette*. The June number deals chiefly with the condition of Livingstone's grave. It seems the locality is quite deserted now, and there is reason to fear that the Mpundu-tree may be burnt in a grass-fire. There is urgent need of a permanent memorial over Livingstone's grave. Mr. H. M. Stanley suggests a hollow column, to be fitted up from separate plates sent out from England, and filled with cement, thus forming a solid structure which would resist the ravages of time and any injury (which would be improbable) from the natives.

The *Sydney Morning Herald* was born six days before the Queen's accession, so that it fitly celebrated her Diamond Jubilee with a paean of praise spreading over four-and-twenty pages at a penny. The *Herald* has cause to be proud of its own progress. In 1837 the paper was set up by a few compositors, and the whole of the type in one issue would not weigh much more than one and a-half hundredweight. To-day a Saturday's paper of sixteen pages embraces over one ton of type. During 1896 the enormous number of 287,000,000 ens, or metal types, were set, or over 5,500,000 ens every week, and in one particular week the composition rose to 6,300,000 ens. The *Herald* claims that "these figures are not exceeded by any newspaper in London, and are, perhaps, equalled only by the *Manchester Guardian*, the largest paper issued in Great Britain." The articles on the advance of Australia are very interesting. The *Sydney Mail*, which is the weekly edition of the *Herald*, appeared with a whole budget of Jubilee pictures.

The fine old Elizabethan mansion at Bourne, Lincolnshire, known as the Old Red Hall, is threatened with demolition, and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings are now bestirring themselves for a third time with a view of saving the structure, which at present is the property of the Great Northern Railway Company. According to local



OLD RED HALL.

Photo by Glendening Brothers, Bourne.

tradition, it was in the Old Red Hall that the Guy Fawkes conspiracy was hatched in 1604. The building, which is one of the finest specimens extant of a red-brick Elizabethan mansion, has formed the subject of several Academy pictures, and has oftentimes been visited by architectural students, the grand old oak staircase being an object of special interest. The hall was for over a century the home of the well-known Digby family, members of whom were implicated in the Gunpowder Plot. The building has for many years past served as a railway station, the ground floor on the left being utilised as a booking- and parcels-office, the front entrance as the booking-hall for passengers, while the ground floor on the right is used as a ladies' waiting-room. The upper storeys and back ground rooms are set apart as the station-master's residence. Close to the hall stands a stately yew-tree, and, according to a rough inscription on a bronze coin unearthed near by about ten years ago, it would appear that the tree is now considerably over two hundred years old. When the Bourne and Saxby Line was being constructed in 1890, the demolition of the Old Red Hall was averted owing chiefly to the activity of the society before mentioned, and, as its destruction is once again proposed by the owners, very strong representations are being made for the preservation of the building.

There were many interesting phases in the varied life of the lately deceased octogenarian, Mr. Samuel Laing, including his early work as Finance Minister in India, his long tenure of the Chairmanship of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and his Parliamentary career. But quite as useful as any of these, in my opinion, were the services rendered by this many-sided man in the popularising of modern scientific methods. He was always ready to expound the main theses of evolution with constant reference to actual affairs, and such of his writings, for instance, as the volumes entitled "Modern Science and Modern Thought," "Problems of the Future," and "Human Origins" were marked by admirable catholicity of vision and logical fairness in argument.

Miss Millie Hylton is playing Mrs. Drivelli with success with Mr. George Edwardes' provincial "The Circus Girl" company.

The decay of the dance and the dandy is one of the topics of the silly season, many journals, including the *Spectator* itself, basing their leaders on Lady Aneaster's verdict and on Mr. Douglas Ainslie's translation of Barbey d'Aurevilly's essay on Beau Brummel. As a companion picture to "The Dance of Death," some modern black-and-white humorist must give us "The Death of Dance." Dance and dandy have a good deal more to connect them than a common initial. One wonders whether a woman-governed world would compel man to dance as

Mr. Gilbert pictured "His Excellency," who turned his soldiery into a "confounded teetotum"—

"Misery me," quoth the sad young maid,
"Misery me, but I'm sore afraid
We've banished Romance,
For I can't get a dance,
As grandmother did when the music played.
"Hey, but it's sad that the lazy swain
Looks on a spin as a thing insane;
For despite that the waltz
Has its quota of faults,
It's all for the good of a tired-out brain."
Corydon once in the days of yore
Skipped like a lamb on the ball-room floor
He tripped the gavotte,
Nor declared it "rot,"
To dance with his Phyllida o'er and o'er.
True, quoth the swain, but a man won't flirt
With a maid who is dressed in a stiff, starched shirt.
It was all very well
When she bloomed as a belle
In a dainty dainty simple skirt.
Phyllida tennises, golfs, and rows;
Why should she utter the wallflower's woes?
For she scoffs at the fan
That can dazzle a man,
And Corydon simply has learned to doze.
The gay minuet of a bygone age
Is all very well on a playhouse stage.
He dotes on the whirl
Of a Gaiety girl
In accordion-skirts that are all the rage.
Gone, like the dance, is the dandy O!
Vanished his frills and brocade, heigh-ho!
For he dresses in black
And a coat called a "sack,"
And he hasn't the pride of the good old beau.
Grim Mrs. Puritan well may laugh,
For she looked on the dance as the worst of chaff;
But the buck's brocade
And the dance decayed
Without the touch of her warning staff.

All the way from the island of Dunwich, in Moreton Bay, about twenty miles from Brisbane, I have received some pictures of tableaux which were recently given at the Benevolent Asylum there, which houses several hundred poor, blind, lame, halt, and dying folk. To cheer them a little the officials have formed a dramatic club, which gives entertainments now and again to the inmates, from waxworks to Christy Minstrelsy. One of the prettiest tableaux was called "Mates." It showed the little four-year-old daughter of Mr. Phil. P. Agnew and an old gentleman of four-and-eighty.



"MATES."

Miss Hall Caine, of course, is the sister of the novelist. You may remember that in March, last year, she married Mr. George D. Day. She went on the stage about four years ago, walking on in "The Ben-my-Chree," as "The Deemster" was christened for stage purposes. She did some excellent work at the Independent Theatre, especially in "Ghosts," "The Duchess of Malfi," "The Black Cat," and "A Question of Memory." Her husband, who has been associated with Mr. H. A. Jones, wrote "The Mummy."

very valuable property. Having a number of sons and other relatives, the management of these establishments became a family matter, and within themselves all the correspondence and book-keeping was carried on in the Hebrew peculiar to Bagdad, which is different from the ordinary square Hebrew characters. This gave them a certain advantage when secrecy was necessary, which was often the case with quotations about the price of opium, one of the articles the firm had large dealings in. Ultimately branches were extended to



MISS HALL CAINE, WHO APPEARED AS GLORIA IN THE COPYRIGHT PERFORMANCE OF "THE CHRISTIAN."
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

The reputed purchase of the late Mr. Barnato's house in Park Lane by Sir Edward Sassoon may give, for the moment, an interest to the history of the family he belongs to. The founder of the house was David Sassoon, the father of the late Sir Albert Sassoon; he belonged to Bagdad on the Euphrates, and was a Jew. He moved, or rather extended, his business from Bagdad to Bombay, where he opened a commercial house, and was very successful in everything he undertook. Having been successful in Bombay, when our diplomatists arranged with China for the opening of the Treaty Ports in that country David Sassoon was able to be early in the field, and secured land in all the ports, on which business houses were erected, the land and houses being now

London and Liverpool. The extent and importance of the business may be understood from these statements of their having houses extending from London and Liverpool all the way to China and Japan, including also a house in Calcutta, the whole forming a commercial girdle that may be said to encircle the Old World. Possibly by this time they have houses or agencies in the New World as well. The benevolence of the family has been great. Large sums of money have been devoted to the building and endowment of various public institutions both in Bombay and Poona. Lady Sassoon, wife of the late Sir Albert, came to this country, but she preferred Bombay, where she lived in a large place known as "Sans Souci." The family have also a palatial residence in Poona.

Dramatic critics often do the noble army of melodramatists a great injustice in scoffing at their ideas and situations as absurd and impossible. Not to speak of the recently concluded Bulgarian murder trial, as lurid a piece of melodrama in real life as playwright could pen, there is that abduction of the son and heir to a Spanish Count. The child thus kidnapped is sure to be found out, if, indeed, he ever is discovered, by a birth-mark such as that possessed by Bessie Brent in "The Shop-Girl," or by an old scar such as that rendered memorable in the case of Arline in "The Bohemian Girl." Thirdly and lastly, there is that strange and horrible story of a husband committing suicide six months after marrying an heiress, because he learned that she was his sister. In this case the "agony was piled up" by the fact that the poor man alleged that he had in childhood been accessory to his mother's murder by his father on Epsom Downs, in the midst of a tribe of Gypsies, by whom he had been taken away. Why, surely these are all the old commonplaces of melodrama, arising in actual life, as it were, to rebuke our incredulity and lofty airs of scepticism.

Have you noticed how some players make progress from play to play, and that others never move at all? Mr. Martin Harvey is ever advancing, like his clever sister, Miss May Harvey, who has been such a valuable addition to Mr. Hare's company. He is the eldest son of Mr. John Harvey, member of the Institution of Naval Architects and celebrated in all yachting circles. He was born at Wivenhoe, in Essex, and educated at King's College, after which it was intended that he should follow his father's footsteps and become a naval architect. However, a very unmistakable bent for dramatic art developed itself, and he was placed, at the advice of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, under the guidance of the late John Ryder. His first professional appearance was made under the management of the late Mr. John Clayton, at the Court Theatre, in "Honour." After a short term there, and with one of Mr. Charles Wyndham's companies in the provinces, he settled down to a long engagement with Sir Henry Irving, and, under the "splendid spur" of our greatest actor, he has had a training of inestimable value. From boys like Joliquet in "The Lyons Mail" and the Dauphin in "Louis XI.," he passed to old men like Dr. Zimmer in "The Bells" and Lord Leicester in "Becket"; from heavy villains like Don John in "Much Ado About Nothing" to romantic and poetic characters like Sir Dagonet, the Queen's Jester, in "King Arthur," and Alexander Oldworthy, the stage-struck poet, in "Nance Oldfield." These are but a small part of the ground he covered during his engagement with the



MR. MARTIN HARVEY.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Lyceum company, where ample evidence of his versatility was given in "Jingle," when he played the Fat Boy, and within the space of two minutes appeared in the following scene as Sam Weller. Of such a training, under so great a chief, Mr. Harvey speaks in terms of the highest gratitude. Quite recently he has been greatly in demand at

other theatres. He created the parts of Rouget de L'Isle in "An Old Song" at the Criterion, and Arturo in "Marianna," at the Court, where he also played with great cleverness Algy Grey in "Sweet Nancy," and Phil Macdonnell in "A Bit of Old Chelsea." His Erhart Borkman, at the Strand, was admirable, and his V. Francis Strange in "Belle Belair," at the Avenue, was the most charming and delightful sketch of a young American ever seen in London.

The many friends of that very graceful and sympathetic young actress, Miss Muriel Wylford, who has lately been dangerously ill, will be glad to know that she has now happily arrived at convalescence. Miss Wylford will probably remain at Felixstowe for some weeks to come, in order to recruit her strength. She hopes, however, to resume work in the course of the coming winter season, possibly at a West-End theatre under her own management for a space. Among the most recent parts identified with Miss Wylford's name in town was, I think, that of the young wife in that amusing but unsatisfactory farce, "New York Divorce," which Mr. Wilfred Clarke, son of the famous J. S. Clarke, produced over here with some success. More recently, Miss Wylford has made a hit on tour as the lady of fitful memory in "The Passport," of whom Miss Gertrude Kingston gave so clever a character-sketch at the Duke of York's.



MISS MURIEL WYLFORD.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

Miss Julia Arthur intends to precede her appearance in the dramatisation of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "A Lady of Quality" by a visit to the author at Washington, where they will compare notes concerning the character of Clorinda. Miss Arthur's work with the Lyceum company proved that she is a fine actress, and her Clorinda should be a most interesting performance.

I note that Mr. Skuse, for some years past a most familiar and welcome figure in the operatic orchestras at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, is musical director with Messrs. J. M. Glover and Arthur Sturges's new comic opera "Regina, B.A.," on tour. Several well-known musicians of high rank have recently died. Lockwood, the celebrated harpist, and Clinton, one of the famous clarinet-players of that name, passed away some months ago, and now H. Smith, an oboe performer of considerable eminence, has also gone over to the majority.

Upwards of five thousand francs has so far been subscribed towards the monument in honour of that great dramatic artist, Frédéric Lemaître. The work is to be executed by Granet. At the ceremonies in connection with the "inauguration" of the monument to Molière at Pézénas the pieces chosen are "Le Dépit Amoureux," "Le Barbier de Pézénas," and "Le Médecin Malgré Lui." How tardy most of these bronze or marble mementoes of famous men are!

The but slightly noticed death of Mr. Henry D. Reed, cousin to the German Reeds and for many years secretary to the once-famous Entertainment, has removed in middle-age one of the chief remaining fellow-workers of Alfred German Reed and Corney Grain, not to mention Mrs. German Reed, who, it will be remembered, died shortly after her two younger coadjutors. Miss Fanny Holland is almost the only one of "the Old Guard" of the German Reed Entertainment left.

Our old friend Zæo is back at work in England, and may be seen daily at the Royal Aquarium, wherein Mr. Josiah Ritchie continues to superintend the production of a large and varied programme. Zæo has been all over the world, and, if recollection serves me rightly, met with the bad accident that damaged her face in a Cairene circus. Of course, she owes much to the London County Council, once appropriately called the Zæological Society, but her gifts of wire-walking and gymnastic ability are genuine enough, and she has more than a woman's share of nerve and pluck. Mr. Wieland, who still looks after her stage interests, is a busy man just now, for, in addition to looking after her, he has his daughter singing at the Empire. However, he bears the weight of work lightly, and when I met him last week seemed very pleased with the success of both entertainments. Does any reader remember that strange book, "Life of Zæo," published at the time when her famous poster was engaging the attention of the Law Courts and filling the papers with amusing correspondence?

The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway is no more, and the Great Central Railway reigns in its stead. At what exact moment the change in appellation took place I cannot say, but that it may be considered an accomplished fact is indubitable, for the dividend warrants issued to its shareholders a few days since bear the new style and title "Great Central Railway." The name Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway carries us back to the early days of railway enterprise in this country. Manchester was a pioneer city of the huge railway system of Great Britain, and the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was the first line opened in this country. Opposed with every form of invective in Parliament, one member having even declared that, "with the best locomotive engine, the average rate would only be three miles and a half per hour," the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, through Mr. Huskisson's exertions, was opened on Sept. 15, 1825, and proved, despite the jeremiads of the *Quarterly Review*, which declared that "the powers of the steam-engine must end in the mortification of those concerned," an immense success. Whether the Manchester and Sheffield Railway scheme was among the innumerable plans which were lodged at Whitehall in the ever-memorable year (in railway speculation) of 1845, I cannot say; but it was opened, I believe, in 1849, and has proved its usefulness and success by nearly half a century of existence. Let us hope that the Great Central Railway, notwithstanding the laments of artistic St. John's Wood, may in the days to come show as excellent a record.

The Queen, as impersonated by a young lady, has been holding Court at Darlington in aid of a church. Behind her appeared the heads of "Bloody Mary" and Mary II. The theory involved in the grouping is not quite clear.



"THE QUEEN" AT DARLINGTON.

The recent article in *The Sketch* on Captain Richard Rundle Burges, whose monument occupies so important a place in St. Paul's, while his personal record occupies so small a one in our naval history, has aroused considerable attention among those interested in naval matters. A friend of mine, who mentioned the article to me, has been searching various little-known records with the hope of finding further details with regard to the gallant Commander who fought his ship and lost his life at Camperdown almost a hundred years ago, but without success. He tells me, however, that the *Ardent* which Captain Burges commanded was at least the second warship of that name in the British Navy; and the predecessor of the vessel which suffered so terribly herself and lost so many of her crew in Duncan's famous victory was even more unfortunate than herself. The earlier *Ardent*

disappeared only two years before the battle of Camperdown. She was commanded by Captain R. Manners Sutton, and was, I think, cruising in the Mediterranean when she was lost, with all hands. Only certain fragments of this ship were ever found, and from their appearance it was concluded that the *Ardent* had blown up, and shattered hull and mangled seamen had so passed out of human ken for ever.

Sea is most appropriately the surname of the brave daughter of a British Columbian lighthouse-keeper, who has twice recently emulated the heroism of Grace Darling and has rescued single-handed the members of two yachting parties. Miss Sea is thus the true offspring of her lighthouse-keeping sire.

Some of the more intellectual of the wealthy holiday-makers at that fashionable American summer resort, Newport, are indulging *pour passer le temps* in a new game that requires some cudgelling of brains. Its name is "the book-title hunt," and the preliminary process consists in the making out of a long list of well-known books. The hostess and her husband then have all their work cut out to devise complicated emblems corresponding to the various titles, and it is the part of the visitors to guess the names of the books represented by the emblems. I give two or three instances. A note written on red paper symbolised "The Scarlet Letter," two silver coins stood for "Hard Cash," the Prince of Wales and a street-boy referred by means of their counterfeit presentment to "Prince and Pauper," and a crust of bread on a glass of water was emblematic of "Cast your Bread upon the Waters." All this sounds sufficiently childish, but much may be forgiven jaded "summer girls" and their attendants.

The thunderstorms in the country have done a great deal of damage. At Great Berkhamstead a young man and his sweetheart were killed by lightning while taking shelter beneath a lime-tree. Curiously enough, a bunch of mistletoe was growing on a branch just above the heads of the unfortunate couple. Shortly after this occurrence it was found necessary to place a policeman to prevent visitors stripping the bark from the tree as mementoes of the event. The photograph shows the course of the lightning down the tree, which was only slightly damaged.



A LIGHTNING-STRUCK TREE.
Photo by Newman, Berkhamstead.

I would advise everybody who has Bayreuth in his eye to study a little interpretation of the "Ring," called "The Epic of Sounds," which Miss Freda Winworth has written for Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Of all meaningless pilgrimages, I think Bayreuth and Wagnerism is the worst to those who go unprepared. You may sail into a London theatre and hear a musical burlesque, or even a Savoy opera, without the slightest preliminary knowledge of the plot or previous appreciation of music; but it is very different with Wagner. I have known a man go all the way to Bayreuth and return thoroughly bored and feeling that his holiday had been wasted, simply because he went unprepared, or with no understanding of the essential rhythm and unity of the "Ring." Most of the existing translations are shocking. Miss Winworth has contented herself by condensing the stories, and, by a clever arrangement of different types, she makes the elaborate scheme clear to the dullest eye. The book is small, but it bears traces of long and laborious preparation. It is admirably printed—as so many Wagners in English are not.

Joseph Marceaux, the Hermit of Versailles, has just died at the age of eighty-five. Although quite a celebrity, he appears to have been a hermit but a short time. It was only in 1894 that he made his appearance at Versailles, and built himself a little dwelling on the ground belonging to the Military Engineers. No one interfered with him, so he added a tiny garden to his property, and on the produce of this and the gifts of visitors he subsisted. He never asked for charity, and was a vegetarian, always refusing gifts of meat. He only left his small estate when it was necessary to procure some rags to replace those which were almost dropping off him. His dignified bearing and persistent silence interested many and caused considerable curiosity as to his antecedents; but though inquiries have been made, nothing has been learned either during his life or since his death.

Brazil has got hold of a fanatic, Antonio "Conselheiro." His real name is Antonio Vicente Mendes Maciel, a native of Ceará (north coast of Brazil); he is of white race, sunburnt, thin, of little physical vigour, and

frequent paroxysms of coughing seem to indicate that he is suffering from organic disease. He wears a long blouse of American blue drill, goes bare-headed, and carries a pilgrim's staff. Long, unkempt hair falls down over his shoulders; his wavy beard is grey, almost white; the deep-set eyes are rarely lifted to glance at anyone; the face is long and of almost corpse-like pallor; a grave demeanour and the air of a penitent give him, in fine, that appearance which has contributed not a little to deceive and attract the simple and ignorant people of the interior of Brazil.



THE BRAZILIAN FANATIC.

Among the disciples who form the guard of honour of the fanatic are João Abbade, a criminal who has perpetrated two homicides, and José Venancio, who is said to have killed twelve persons. They all wear shirt, trousers, and blouse of American blue drill, a cap of the same colour, and on their feet coarse sandals of jute or hemp.

THE PHILANTHROPIST AND THE ANARCHIST.

There was a philanthropic man,
Of views humanitarian;
His heart was big, and broad his creed—
His wealth was very large indeed.

He thought that crime and vice and sin,
Which nations fairly wallow in,
Were due to one sufficient cause—
The badness of existing laws.

His *protégés* (a lengthy list)
Comprised a Russian Anarchist,
With shaggy head and mangy cap—
A most unprepossessing chap.

"Observe," the worthy man would say,
"The fruits of a despotic sway!
Though naturally good, at times
This victim has committed crimes;

"He beat a woman black and blue,
He barbecued an ancient Jew,
And wrecked a crowded sleeping-car—
Of course, he meant it for the Czar.

"But such atrocious deeds must be
In an oppressed society;
You'll see, in Britain's land he will
Be good as I—or better still."

He took the Russian to his breast,
So good was he to the oppressed,
And satisfied his simple needs
(Champagne and eighteenpenny weeds).

But on a day the good man found
His artless pupil underground,
Engaged in boring basement walls
To lay a mine below St. Paul's.

The Anarchist confessed his aim
Without the slightest touch of shame;
"I mean to blow it up," said he,
"At this approaching Jubilee.

"No other day a chance affords
Of killing such a lot of lords;
And it is obviously right
To blow up such with dynamite."

The good Philanthropist was pained,
But thought the case could be explained;
Our English institutions must
Engender crime, because unjust.

He sent the Anarchist away,
To revel in the U.S.A.;
"For there," he said, "is freedom known
As tameless as the bright cyclone!"

A month he lived unknown to fame,
But then a cruel cable came—
"Your friend to prison has been sent
For shooting at the President."

The patron hurried over sea
To set the hapless victim free,
With twenty doctors in his train
To prove the Anarchist insane.

He hired a lawyer smart and deft
Who bought up juries right and left;
(The local jury, I am told,
Is manufactured to be sold).

So when the Anarchist was freed,
His friend was very sure indeed
In more than one important point
America was out of joint.

"This child of Nature," so he thought,
"Will do exactly as he ought,
When happy under Nature's smile
On some far-off Pacific isle."

They found the isle, and there they stayed;
For everything the patron paid,
And did his very best, in fact,
To give his pupil all he lacked.

Till on a day the artless Russ
Addressed his benefactor thus:
"One thing I need this very night—
Give me a bomb of dynamite!"

The patron asked, "Is it your wish
To kill or stun a shoal of fish?"
The other answered, calm and cool—
"I mean to blow you up, you fool!"

"This vile effete society
(Composed, of course, of you and me)
Is all corrupt, unfair, unjust—
And I will have reform, or bust!"

The benefactor meekly heard,
And went away, and said no word,
But thought and thought till nearly dark
Upon his pupil's last remark.

At last he took a bulky shell,
With dynamite he charged it well,
And made it suitable to use
With an improved percussion fuse.

He hailed his friend upon the shore;
"Here is the bomb you asked me for!"
He said, and with precision neat
He hurled it at the other's feet.

There came a flash, there came a bang,
The echoes roared and rolled and rang;
And when the smoke and dust had cleared,
That Anarchist had disappeared.

The good Humanitarian
Returned a somewhat wiser man,
But also rather sadder, which
Comes from his being not so rich.

And now, when Anarchists orate
Against the evils of the State,
And say that all the crimes they do
Are but what others force them to,

And hotly vow they cannot live
In countries called Conservative,
It is his aggravating wont
To smile and answer merely—"Don't!"—MARMITON.

COCK-FIGHTING IN SPAIN.

The recent article on cock-fighting (writes a correspondent) brings back to my memory some of the fights I have seen in Andalusia. There the cockpit is a second favourite to the bull-ring, and on a Sunday morning in the lower quarters of the big towns many a contest may be seen. No women are admitted to these fights, in which about twelve pairs of birds take part. Price of admission to the best seats is seldom more than one peseta, and the chief supporters of the pastime are third-rate toreros, vaqueros, ganaderos, smugglers, and gipsies. The birds are, for the most part, English; they are very carefully reared and prepared for the fight by the removal of all soft feathers from head and neck. Only the primary feathers are left on the wings, and the combs are closely cropped. When the birds have been weighed and put down in the pit, they fence with outstretched necks, and when they close there is a big rattle from their quills. They always aim for the head, and, if they can reach the place where the comb once was, take a big bite, and then jump up, tearing away the flesh. As might be expected, within a very few minutes the blood streams from each head, and, getting into the birds' eyes, makes sight very uncertain. Then they stagger about and try to clear their eyes by brushing them under the opponent's wing. To the casual spectator who does not know the deeper tragedy of the bull-ring these fights are at first very trying, and the ferocity and determination of the birds result in splashing the pit posts with blood. Ultimately one gets home with a fatal blow, the other falls, and the victor, standing over triumphantly, pecks his enemy to death, often succumbing from exhaustion while so engaged, for a hard fight leaves the victor nearly as exhausted as the vanquished. In a Spanish cock-fight the interest of the spectators is augmented by betting. So soon as the birds appear, the knowing ones make one of them a favourite, laying very slight odds. When the rally comes, the betting varies, as the bird that succeeds in drawing first blood, has the better chance. The good judges keep perfectly cool; the amateurs get wildly excited, and plunge. Consequently, in a few moments the old hands stand to win without risk of loss by a little judicious hedging, while their opponents are badly off. That is the time to see the low-class Spaniard in his most dangerous aspect. He scowls, he curses, sometimes his hand wanders to the sash that hides a deadly navaja. If fortune smiles, and his fancy manages to turn the tables, he is wild with excitement, screaming and waving his hands till the birds themselves are startled by his vehemence. When the fight is over there is a volley of oaths from losers, followed by a shower of pesetas or douros thrown from one part of the circle to another with unerring aim. Until the spectator who does not bet is used to the Spanish cockpit, there is more excitement than amusement in the rapid passage past his head of heavy silver dollars, or in the fury of some man to whom is due the silver that hits him and rolls on to the sand. The doctoring of wounded cocks who have won their fight is very funny, but probably most painful. Wounds are dressed with raw spirits of wine, and a long feather dipped in brandy is thrust far down the throat. If revival follow quickly, the bird is put away for a long rest; if the wounds be very bad, a sharp knife puts a period to the victor's life. A Spanish cock-fight is a sight to be seen—at rare intervals.



A DAY IN SUMMER.

THE ROYAL COMPANY OF SCOTTISH ARCHERS.

The Royal Company of Scottish Archers form a picturesque link between mediæval times and the present day. They would not be of much account in modern warfare against Lee-Metford rifles; but in their dark-green uniform, and carrying their great bows and sheaves of arrows, they make on State occasions a very pretty show. The old Scots Guard of France was responsible for centuries for the person of the King of that country; the Royal Company of Archers has the honour of being the Queen's Bodyguard for Scotland, and their Captain-General is "Gold Stick" of Scotland, and on the occasion of State pageants, as in the recent Jubilee Procession to St. Paul's, takes a place beside the "Gold Stick" of England. The Royal Company as now existing was organised in the year 1676; but there was an Archer Company in Scotland before then, for it is recorded that on the fatal field of Flodden King James IV. was found dead surrounded by the bodies of his Archer Guard. The reconstitution of the Company in the seventeenth century by several Scottish noblemen and gentlemen was "for the encouragement of the noble and useful recreation of archery"; the regulations were approved of by the Privy Council of the day, and a prize of twenty pounds was voted from the Royal Treasury. A Royal Charter was granted to the Archers by Queen Anne, and from that day to this the company has continued to flourish—its membership being recruited from the Scottish nobility and landed proprietors and from the ranks of the learned professions. All the members must be of Scottish birth. When George IV. visited Scotland in 1822—a visit made memorable by the great personal interest Sir Walter Scott took in it—an offer was made of the services of the Royal Company of Archers to attend on his Majesty as his bodyguard, and this having been accepted, the members took the formal oath of allegiance, which has been exacted of them on every subsequent occasion when they have formed the royal bodyguard. In 1824 the practice of getting the assent of royalty to the election of the Captain-General was begun, and it was at this period that his Majesty assigned to the Archers a Court-dress, and gave to their Captain-General his gold stick of office already referred to. On the accession of King William IV., the Royal Company attended as his Majesty's bodyguard the proclamation of his Majesty as Sovereign. The Queen has always taken the most friendly interest in the Royal Archers, and has continued and increased their privileges. During the present reign the Royal Company of Archers has acted as her Majesty's bodyguard on various State occasions in Scotland, notably on the Queen's first visit to Scotland in 1842, at the Volunteer Review at Edinburgh on Aug. 7, 1860; at the unveiling of the Prince Consort's statue at Edinburgh, on Aug. 17, 1876; at the Volunteer Review on Aug. 25, 1881; at the International Exhibition in Edinburgh on Aug. 18, 1886, and at the International Exhibition, Glasgow, on Aug. 22, 1888. By the Charter of the Archers it is stipulated that on such occasions a reddendo of barbed arrows shall be presented to the Sovereign, and four times during the reign has this been tendered—namely, in 1842, 1876, 1886, and 1888. Quite recently her Majesty has been graciously pleased to

issue to the Archers a confirming Charter, under her hand, of their privileges as the Bodyguard for Scotland and of the Captain-General as Gold Stick for Scotland; and to all members of the Company who were out three times in the royal bodyguard the Jubilee Medal has been issued. This year also a privilege, highly prized by the Archers, has been granted to them by the Queen, that of dining annually in the picture-gallery of the ancient Palace of Holyrood. This is analogous to the privilege the Gentlemen-at-Arms Corps have of dining once a year at one of the royal palaces in London. The first banquet of the Archers under this concession took place last month (July), when a company of one hundred and fifty



MR. GORDON SHOOTING FOR THE SELKIRK ARROW.
Photo by Davis, Edinburgh.

noblemen and gentlemen dined together in the historic chamber. It may be mentioned, as an interesting relic of the olden time, that on the occasion of the annual dinner of the Archers, the Corporation of Edinburgh contributes to it a "riddle" of claret, and that the Lord Provost of the city is always invited to help to drink it. The President of the Council of the Archers is Lord Stair, the Captain-General is the Marquis of Lothian, and the joint secretaries are Sir John Gillespie and

Mr. Henry Cook. The members practise archery regularly at the butts at their hall, Buccleuch Street, and at the East Meadows, Edinburgh, and they have several meetings during the year at which certain prizes, including the Queen's Prize, are competed for. One of the illustrations shows a number of the members of the Royal Company who had travelled to the Border Burgh of Selkirk to shoot for the Selkirk Arrow.

LADY BURTON.*

Lady Burton's Life of her distinguished husband gave dissatisfaction to his family. They charged it with inaccuracy, and authorised his niece, Miss Stisted, to compile a memoir whose title, "The True Life of Sir Richard Burton," was itself a challenge. Now follows this "Romance," which Mr. Wilkins has prepared from Lady Burton's unfinished autobiography and from a mass of material found among her papers. The charges which Miss Stisted brings against Lady Burton, and which resolve themselves into sundry acts of fanaticism, the crowning example being the causing of the administration of Extreme Unction to Burton when he was, to all intents and purposes, a corpse, are dealt with by Mr. Wilkins. The result is a public washing of family linen which should never have left the private laundry. For the pity of it is that the things which the world, to the extent that it cares at all, may care to remember about Burton and his devoted, if indiscreet, wife, are in danger of being wholly obscured by the profitless gossip with which their biographies are encumbered. Therefore, the reviewer's duty is clear in keeping to the front those elements of interest and romance which suffuse a pair of notable lives.



LADY BURTON AT SWEET SEVENTEEN.

Isabel Burton was born in London on March 20, 1831. Her father, Henry Raymond Arundell, was a wine-merchant in a moderate way of business, but his descent from the Arundells of Wardour appears to justify Mr. Wilkins in omitting reference to the wine-shop and in giving us a chapter of cumbrous genealogical detail. This, however, can be skipped, and some bright and lively pages reached wherein Lady Burton tells the story of her romping girlhood, with its stolen visits to the Gipsies near her Essex home; and of the six sobering years spent at the Convent of the Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre at Chelmsford. Then came a season in London, which gives her occasion for vivacious description of society in the 'fifties, when the brilliancy of Almack's was waning, and Jenny Lind was prima donna. But the "Romance" began at Boulogne, when Isabel Arundell, then in her nineteenth year, met her destiny. Hagar Burton, a Gipsy, had foretold that the future husband would be first seen on foreign soil, and would bear the Gipsy's name.

The prophecy came true, Isabel saying to her sister, when, knowing neither his name nor station, she saw Richard Burton on the ramparts, "That man will marry me." Burton, who had joined his family in Boulogne on his return from India, left the town all unwitting that a love-sick damsel was remembering him in her prayers, and it was not till after his adventurous journey to Mecca that the two met again. Then he declared the love which she confessed; he with first kiss, she with hanging of medal of the Blessed Virgin round his neck. After long and vain attempt to gain her mother's consent, they married in stealth; not, as Isabel desired, on the festival of the "Espousals of Our Lady and St. Joseph," because Wednesday was an unlucky day, but on the preceding Tuesday, January 22, 1861. Husband and wife were soon parted, for Burton dreaded taking his bride to the swamps of Fernando Po, and not till four years passed did he secure a consulate where she could live. But the separations and the wanderings supplied her with material for letters and journals, wherefrom we gather how, through all change and chance, Isabel Burton kept her sprightliness. Deficient in tact, judgment, and method; ever enthusiastic to boiling-point in her husband's interest; adventurous and brave; superstitious to the core, and fanatical in her zeal for Catholicism; in the strange medley of her character we find much to admire; while, from start to finish, from the prophetic words on Boulogne ramparts to the last sad scene at Trieste, the "romance" of her life never crystallised into prose. Blind to aught else, she idealised, to the day of her death, in March 1896, the man of her girlhood's choice. So, whether or no Lady Burton be held blameable for the misfortunes that befell her impetuous, imprudent husband, embittering his life and dwarfing his usefulness, let it be writ and remembered what loyalty and love was hers; and how, even when she burned the last work of that strange life, her justification was in this—

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

* "The Romance of Isabel, Lady Burton: Told in part by Herself and in part by W. H. Wilkins." Two Vols. London: Hutchinson and Co.

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THE CHINAMAN AS A BRITISH SUBJECT.

Bret Harte's criticism of the Chinaman in a hackneyed ballad is not a universal truth. The profundity of the almond-eyed we all of us know in a vague way; but his crushing conservatism seems to rob his learning of half of its value. And yet, under English influence, he expands. A striking instance of this is afforded by a club in Penang composed of Chinese gentlemen, most of whom are wealthy. Penang, which lies on the West Coast of the Malay Peninsula, to the north of 5 deg. North Latitude, came into the possession of the British as a dower to Captain Light, or, as it is asserted in some quarters, was ceded by the Sultan of Kedah to the East India Company simply in exchange for the annual payment of 8000 dollars, which was afterwards raised to 10,000 dollars when Province Wellesley, the adjoining portion of the Malay Peninsula, lying between the rivers Prye and Muda, was incorporated with the island. Further additions towards the south have since been made. In 1805 Penang became a separate Presidency, still under the East India Company, taking equal rank with Bombay and Madras. In 1826 Singapore and Malacca were united to the Presidency, the whole being ruled from Georgetown, Penang. Three years afterwards Penang ceased to be a Presidency, and in 1837 the chief officials were transferred to the town of Singapore, which has ever since been the seat of Government of the Straits Settlements, Resident Councillors in Penang and Malacca serving as chief officials under the Governor, but not as representatives of his Excellency.

The Chinamen who form the club are as loyal as any subjects of her Majesty may be. It is not mere lip-loyalty. One of the objects of their

ULTIMA THULE.

When the Kailyard and other realms of romance give out, there remains a rich field in Orkney and Shetland, which Scott just tapped in "The Pirate." The people of Ultima Thule are peculiar. They have a curious literature of their own; they are intensely local and patriotic (they are represented in London by the Viking Society); and their land is brimful of inspiration, which never fails to strike even the passing tourist. You will discover that in "Earl Rögnvald and His Forbears," a picture of life in early Norse times in Orkney and Shetland, which an enthusiastic Scandinavian scholar, Miss Catherine Spence, has written (Fisher Unwin). That this collection of sagas should belong to a British possession is strange indeed, but much more extraordinary, in view of the fact that the subject-matter occurred in last century, is the story of "A Shetland Minister of the Eighteenth Century," which has just been published by the Leonards of Kirkwall. Imagine if you can a tall, slender parson of ninety-two, dressed in knee-breeches and black silk stockings, with a broad-brimmed cocked hat tied under his chin, and a bunch of flowers in his hand, mounting a pulpit stairs. Yet that is an exact portrait of the Rev. John Mill, who was born in Shetland in 1712, and, having ministered for sixty-two years to the needs of three parishes sixteen miles in length, with the Fair Isle, twenty miles off the mainland, thrown in, departed this life at the mellow age of ninety-five. He wrote a strange diary, which has been published *in extenso* by the Scottish History Society, and served up in more popular form by the Rev. John Willock of Lerwick. One can see what a romance Stevenson could have constructed out of this diary, which seems



THE MEMBERS OF THE PENANG LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Association is "the promotion of general knowledge through an appreciative study of the English language and English literature." The club possesses a valuable library of Chinese classics and other works, but is gradually collecting another, consisting of English books, chiefly historical and scientific. A distinctive feature of the club, as a Chinese club, is that debates on all kinds of subjects are held periodically in the large hall, and are conducted on the same lines as those in England, and there is a rule, which never admits of any exception, to the effect that every member who takes part in the debate must speak in English.

The spontaneous outburst of loyalty on the part of the Chinese in Penang over the Queen's record reign has been most remarkable, and in no portion of the Celestial community has the feeling of loyalty towards her Majesty been more warmly expressed than among the members of the Association, which will send to the Queen a gold and silver tablet, inscribed with a poem (written by Mrs. Egerton Eastwick) in English and Chinese. Besides this, the President of the Association, Mr. Cheah Chen Eok, is going to give a clock-tower and a fountain to the town of Penang as a permanent memorial of the Jubilee, at a cost of not less than 30,000 dollars, and the members, at their own cost, entertained their fellow-citizens to the finest display of fireworks and illuminations ever witnessed in the island. In the Address to the Queen this sentence is noteworthy—

We belong by descent to the ancient Chinese nation, but by choice, by residence, or by birth, as is the case with most of us, we have the happiness and pride to be called your Majesty's subjects, and to hold the same privileges as those possessed by the natives of the United Kingdom.

The signatories to the Address are: Mr. Cheah Chen Eok, President, Mr. Yeow Sew Beow, Hon. Secretary, and Messrs. Lim Kek Chuan, Cheah Choon Seng, Oh Cheng Chan, Yeow Ooi Gark, Chua Yu Kay, Foo Choo Choon, Lim Sun Ho, Ng Pak San, Ho Teang Wan, Lee Boon Hooi, Khoo Aing Thie, Khoo Sim Huan, Chin Ah Tek, and Yeoh Geok Keat.

incredibly old-fashioned and primitive. Mr. Mill believed as thoroughly in demoniacal possession as did any mediæval priest or does Miss Marie Corelli. Indeed, he proved so formidable an opponent to the Archfiend that the Sorrows of Satan were many in his parish. And one Sunday the Evil One came into his church and sat down at the Communion Table. Mr. Mill recognised the form, and "began to speak in all the deep languages, and, last of all, in what was guessed to be Gaelic. That beat him altogether." On another occasion he found a young woman sitting among the rocks on the sea-shore holding a lighted candle. As soon as it burned out she was going to "cast herself away upo' da sea," for she had sold her soul to the Devil. The venerable parson blew the light out, and thus saved her. Indeed, as a permanent reminder of the hostility cherished against him by the Arch Enemy, Mr. Mill always had the wind in his face. Yet that was only a century or so ago, and Mr. Mill was so ardent an Evangelical that he opened his church to the saintly Haldane (the ancestor of the Member for Haddingtonshire). He had some strange adventures on the sea. Once, when he was returning home from Edinburgh (where he had been hearing Whitfield), a storm encompassed the vessel, and he "darted up sudden ejaculation to the Lord" to save the crew; "but the hellish blasphemies of the cursed tars damning one another" put him in greater than the danger he was in. Lerwick was then the great port for whaling vessels to touch-at, as many as thirty "Greenlanders" anchoring in Bressay Sound at a time. It needed a man-of-war "to keep these rough people in aw and order, lest when drunk and mad with gin they should set the town of Lerwick on fire," and when a number of vessels were lost in the ice the old gentleman declared it was "a wonder of mercy that so many of these cursed ruffians" were preserved. His expeditions in search of a wife are weird to a degree. Altogether, he might have lived centuries ago.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The subject of Later Renaissance architecture in England does not sound particularly lively, and to the man in the street who builds his memorial admirations upon the everlasting Elizabethan period even Mr. John Belcher's and Mr. Mervyn Macartney's magnificent publication (B. T. Batsford) of "a series of examples of the domestic buildings erected subsequent to the Elizabethan period" may seem a trifle dreary. Such a man may, however, be assured that he will find much in this compilation of more than passing interest. Indeed, as the authors point out, the work of the Renaissance in this country may be divided into two parts, speaking generally—the Early Renaissance and the Later Renaissance. Mr. Belcher's book, however, deals with the second of these periods, which covered practically the years between 1640 and 1800. It is the early work, which extended from about 1558, the date of Elizabeth's accession, to 1640, which is generally included in the epithet "Elizabethan."

It is, of course, matter of common knowledge, and the editors are at some pains to point it out, that the Early Renaissance, or Elizabethan, buildings were largely experimental. The change, we are told, was at first limited to grafting Italian or Classic details and forms on to a Gothic structure. To take a familiar example, the old "Schools" at Oxford, built in 1612 by Thomas Holte, have on the face of a Gothic tower the five orders of classic architecture "built up in a rude and inaccurate manner," and containing also Tudor-Gothic windows. The tower is finished with Gothic pinnacles, and in juxtaposition to the circular-headed archway on the ground floor are two small Tudor-Gothic-headed doorways. It is clear that the editors' opinion of this is technically something of the lowest, and that they have no professional compassion for patchwork, although that patchwork represents the most popular architectural expression in England. However that may be, later on, though the true and unique work of the Renaissance came to be materially advanced, the editors recognise nobly that by this development some picturesqueness was lost, and the romance, they declare, that hangs about the age of Elizabeth envelops its domestic

buildings, and has proved most seductive to the architect as well as to the antiquary and the archaeologist. There is no necessity here to go into the technical details of the work, fascinating though it be, which Messrs. Belcher and Macartney treat of, nor would it be interesting in this column. But the opinion of the editors is well worth while

recording, that, if the work of the Later Renaissance lacks some of the elements of the picturesque, and if there is in it less play of fancy or less quaintness, it yet possesses a distinctive beauty and a refinement which entitles it to high rank. It is not altogether an exciting virtue, but they note that there is in this later style more regard for general proportion and stateliness of design, and it is "the outcome of a wider and riper experience."



LITTLE BLUE HOOD.—MRS. ADRIAN C. HOPE.

Mrs. Adrian C. Hope's "Little Blue Hood," reproduced in these columns, is a charming portrait of a child, distinguished very particularly by a curious sincerity and by a persuasive truthfulness. One uses the word "curious" in such a connection because one is able to declare a portrait to be truthful in such instances without any personal knowledge of the original. The strange, dreamy expression of the face, the softness of the eye, the natural rippling of the hair, are points also to note in this picture; but it is from the combination of all these that its chief quality, already mentioned, is drawn.

Two other portraits are also reproduced, Miss Maud Coleridge's "Ellaline Terriss" and Mr. John Parker's "Miss Graham." The first is a deliberately posed and charmingly effective picture, somewhat in the manner of the best-known portraits of Lady Hamilton by the divine Romney. The pretty face leaning upon the joined hands looks out from an array of drapery, smiling on the world a little wistfully, the whole figure falling in a naturally beautiful composition. Mr. Parker's "Miss Graham" is of sterner effect; the lady is seated in an ascetic arm-chair, in walking-attire and hat. There is much intelligence shown in the quiet but purposeful pose of the figure and in the vital and keen expression of the face. The drawing is extremely good.



MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.—MISS MAUD COLERIDGE.



PORTRAIT OF MISS GRAHAM.—JOHN PARKER.

UNKNOWN IRELAND.—I.

Ireland has at last become a fashion, and this year it is drawing tourists who had hitherto given undivided attention to Scotland. The forthcoming visit of the Duke and Duchess of York is not the genesis of this fashion; but the move of royalty has done a great deal to emphasise the value of the Sister Isle as a place to spend a pleasant holiday in. As a matter of fact, a great but peaceful revolution has been taking place in Ireland during the past few years. It would appear as if the advantage of the political lull has been seized upon by men of great enterprise, who pay little or no attention to Irish politics, to develop the most beautiful island in the world. Towards the end of last year I heard a good deal about new hotels having been built in the most attractive spots in the country, of hotel reform generally, of additional railway facilities for the tourist, of reduction of fares, and of the abolition of the ubiquitous *backsheesh* tout, and many other improvements, and lately I was enabled to make a somewhat hurried but delightful journey through different parts of the country, notably on the East Coast, through the South, the wilds of Kerry, Galway, and Donegal.

Three things quickly impressed me—first, the absence of that abject poverty which the average Englishman associates with, at least, certain parts of Ireland; second, the excellence of the hotel accommodation generally—notably the hostelries belonging to the Highlands Hotel Companies at Greystones, Rathdrum, Glendalough, Bundoran, and Warrenpoint, the Southern Hotels Company at Parknasilla, Waterville, and Caragh Lake, the Great Southern Hotel at Killarney, the Eccles Hotel at Glengariff, the new hotel at Lahinch in distant Clare, the Railway Hotels at Galway, Recess, and Mallarannee, Cruise's Hotel at Limerick, the Shelbourne at Dublin, and the Spa Hotel at Lucan, near Dublin; and, perhaps most important of all, the new departure of the sixteen

the British tourist to "take in" the glories of the Sister Isle, I am convinced that the movement will go on.

I found local Tourist Development Associations springing up all over the country. A few years ago a central association was formed in Dublin, but from one reason or another local bodies felt it desirable to put their houses in order, and acquaint the English traveller direct with the charms of their respective neighbourhoods.

As an example of the energy shown by these bodies, I may cite the Killarney District Association, which has for its patron-in-chief the Earl of Kenmare, and Mr. M. Healy, Town Clerk, for secretary. This association has for its principal objects the improvement of railway and other travelling arrangements between English towns and Killarney, and the suppression of local abuses, and such things as go to improve the amenity of the districts which it covers.

It is a difficult matter, were it not also an invidious one, to select any one particular district for recommendation to the middle-class English tourist. Everyone, of course, has heard of the glories of Killarney, but everyone does not know that there are literally dozens of other places scattered

throughout the country each in its own way equally attractive with that far-famed district. Of course, no properly minded tourist would dream of missing the lakes of Kerry, in their sparkling but peaceful glory, dotted with fair, green-clad islets. But the Englishman who contemplates spending a holiday in Ireland would do well to remember that within easy distance of Killarney there are numerous places of infinite beauty, hallowed by historic associations. And so it is with most of the better-known tourists' haunts throughout the whole country. Neither should it be forgotten that, however far he may get away from the large towns, he and his beast will be excellently catered for.

A short journey from Dublin, over the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway, which skirts the pleasant seaboard to Wicklow, and passing beautiful Bray, and the more peaceful but charming new village



ON CLOGHERN ROAD FROM LISMORE, SHOWING KNOCKMEALDOWN TIPPED WITH SNOW.

Photo by Croker, Waterford.



THE CLIFFS, MUCKROS HEAD.

Photo by Welch, Belfast.



THE CLIFFS OF MUSLAC, DONEGAL.

Photo by Welch, Belfast.

Irish railway companies in amalgamating for the purpose of taking joint action in developing the tourist traffic by cheap through bookings, and establishing a common working centre in the Metropolis. The spirit of enterprise is abroad in Ireland. True, more capital, more confidence, more energy are wanted; but, looking to the class and character of the men who have been quietly but assiduously endeavouring to encourage

of Greystones, brings one to Rathdrum, thirty-seven and a-half miles from Dublin, and here one can lunch or dine or sleep at the comfortable Station Hotel. From Rathdrum an excellent coach or car service takes one through most picturesque and lovely country to the world-famed Glendalough, or, as it is better-known to the native, Seven Churches.

LOXTON HUNTER.



TAWNY BAY, KILCAR, DONEGAL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WELCH, BELFAST.



LISMORE CASTLE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CROKER, WATERFORD.

COMMON OBJECTS OF THE STRAND.

I.—THE THEATRICAL OBJECT.

The tide flows backwards and forwards between Charing Cross and Temple Bar, and many curious and attractive objects are cast up on the Strand well worthy the attention of the young collector.

he is not the last rose of summer, he is the lingering snow-drift on the mountain-top. Metaphor apart, he will wear riding-breeches when he is not wearing the horse, has not recently worn the horse, and is not about to wear the horse. Returning to metaphor, he then looks as if he were to be continued in our next.

If he wears a silk hat, you shall certainly observe its gloss; and if a patterned waistcoat, you shall as surely observe the pattern. All is a little accentuated. Over his wardrobe should be written, "The little more, and



AN IRISH TYPE OF BEAUTY: THE COUNTESS ANNESLEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

It is essential, of course, to secure typical and well-marked specimens. Many actors have no markings at all. In dress and deportment they are just like ordinary people, and for the purposes of the young collector are valueless. But a fine characteristic theatrical object may frequently be secured, though not so frequently as in the old days.

The theatrical object always wears the clothes of an occasion, but rarely the clothes of that particular occasion. He pushes the pale-grey frock-coat far on into December, or he prolongs the fur-lined overcoat (very slightly worn, except at the back of the neck) into a tepid June. When

how much it is." Do not assign the incoherencies or incongruities to the defects of his taste or of his wardrobe, but to the bias of his profession. On the stage he lives in isolated episodes, in scenes. At half-past eight the paper roses may bloom, and at a quarter-past nine the paper snow may fall, and the paper house applaud both equally. That ruins one's sense of time, and sequence, and proportion, and other useful things.

The theatrical object is handsome. He is clean-shaven, and emerges from that severe test triumphant. He holds himself well and walks well. The observer cannot at first imagine why the theatrical object

does not look like a hero. It may be from the inquiring, nervous, "what-price-this?" expression in his eye. The expression is also due to the bias of the profession. The theatrical object sees the rest of the world as spectators. He is as happy as he is handsome, even under circumstances that do not make for happiness. He believes in the fourth act, for he has been in many fourth acts. The North Pole will be found, and the blind boy will see, and likewise the fond hearts will be united, not necessarily now, but at some future time; and because

the feeling of illicit dissipation that one has when one emerges from the theatre into the daylight street.

But, as has already been said, the well-marked specimen grows constantly rarer, nor does it follow that the best actor is the best specimen. Indeed, the contrary is likely to be the case. For those that have the gift generally prefer to differ from the ordinary in the gift alone. Those that have the light put it under a bushel until it is wanted. Those that have it not put the bushel on the ground, stand on



AN IRISH TYPE OF BEAUTY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W.

he is happy he is genial, and uses the word "dear" as frequently as the least fortunate cab-driver uses the word which may not be printed. His age is his greatest mystery, for he never looks definitely young, or old, or middle-aged, but as if he could be any one of the three if he cared about it.

Pick up a well-marked theatrical object from the Strand, and to the imaginative he will be a matinée in himself. He suggests the orchestra, and the black dress with white cap and apron hovering in the offing, and the uninterrupted view of the back of a lady's hat, and time for a whisky-and-soda between the wrongful suspicion and the foiled endeavour, and

it, wave their arms, and scream. Thus he that is least an actor may look most like an actor.

There is a female of the species, but of her it is better to say nothing, for mistakes are easily made. The markings in females generally are so very slight. The young collector as he goes down the Strand may classify one female as a type-writer, and another as a farmer's wife, and a third as a duchess; and they may all of them be actresses, or they may not. The only absolutely safe thing to say about women is that they are women. The young collector should not go further than this.

BARRY PAIN.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

MR. GRANT ALLEN'S "AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE."*

Few features are more marked in modern literature than the vogue of what, for want of a more comprehensive term, we must call the detective romance. Quite a large percentage of our novelists of repute seem to have found in tales of mystery and crime a recreation from more serious efforts. Indeed, the invention of a cunning plot retailing the exploits of some picturesque outlaw or some puzzled detective is fast becoming the necessary accomplishment of a man of letters. And such experiments are as popular with readers as with authors. For one person who associates Stevenson with "Across the Plains" there are a dozen who remember him only by "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." "Rodney Stone," again, may number his hundreds of admirers; but Sherlock Holmes has his tens of thousands. Dr. Nikola is a household word in families that have never heard of Mr. Boothby's strenuous tales of bush-life. And it is in this same capacity of sensational romancer that magazine-readers know best such literary artists as Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mr. Albert Vandam, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Marriott Watson, and Mr. Coulson Kernahan. Small wonder, then, that so distinguished and genial a writer as Mr. Grant Allen should try comparisons with "Highwayman Dick" or "Captain Shannon." 'Tis no easy task, for it requires at once ingenuity and originality; but Mr. Grant Allen was bound to succeed. Equipped with all the latest scientific information, possessed of a genuine creative faculty, and blessed with the happiest of styles, our author starts with decided advantages. There is, too, about all his work an undeniable charm of personality. A delightful *causeur*, an elegant essayist, a pleasant rhymist, a born novelist, Mr. Grant Allen is never dull, save when he is trying to reform humanity. Away from the "hill-tops," even on the "slopes of Parnassus," he can be at once instructive and entertaining. This rare combination of qualities we discover in fullest measure in the new romance that lies before us.

The book has a double title, and this in some sort explains its scope. "An African Millionaire" is, of course, a history of the various rogueries of a consummate and attractive swindler, but it is something more than that; rather might it be described as the adventures of two grand rogues, of whom the better man, struggling against the law, meets with his inevitable punishment, while the other, a greater scoundrel, but, as a company-promoter and stock-gambler, protected by the law, escapes scot-free. These two clearly cut characters are most adroitly associated by their author. "Colonel" Clay, who, under a score of aliases, has baffled all the Paris detectives, devotes his extraordinary abilities to "bleeding" Sir Charles Vandrift, a well-known South African millionaire. (We owe the story of these experiences to Vandrift's secretary and brother-in-law, a shabby creature whose naïve self-revelations form not the least diverting characteristics of the book.) Eight or nine times is this wretched millionaire tricked, his enemy appearing in the most bewildering disguises and at the most unlooked-for places. As Clay remarks once, when Sir Charles is in his power, he does not intend to

the redoubtable "Colonel." Once it is an art-critic, anxious to dispose of an Old Master, who, as one of our illustrations shows, is wrongfully arrested and imprisoned; at another time a distinguished and bewigged mineralogist is taken for an incarnation of the wicked "Colonel," and the consequences for Sir Charles are distinctly unpleasant. Nay, with an unique and amusing audacity, Clay actually secures an engagement in



"IT'S ALL RIGHT, MY MAN," HE SAID.

From "The Episode of the Old Master."

Vandrift's service as a private detective in search of himself. We need only refer to our other illustration for an example of this sham-agent's offensive ubiquity.

Usually, in fact, the millionaire has only too good reason for alarm. Thanks to two female accomplices (victims of "occasional marriage"), a plastic face, and a preparation of india-rubber, Clay is able to outwit the police of two continents. One day he is a handsome Mexican seer with a talent for thought-reading; a few months later a mild little curate with an amazing set of diamond links, coveted by imperious Lady Vandrift for her *rivière*, but really stolen from it. Soon he reappears as a German *savant*, who claims to crystallise carbon into diamonds (last vestige of barbarism, as Mr. Grant Allen has often styled them), and so frightens Vandrift into selling out of his own company shares which Clay buys up at a discount; again, he is Elihu Quackenbuss, a Kentucky doctor, who refrains from robbing Sir Charles because the millionaire on this occasion exhibits some instincts of good-feeling. Or he becomes a Tyrolean count or a young Scotch laird. Finally, Clay is fêted at New York as a famous English poet, and manages to cheat Vandrift out of some thousands at poker before news arrives that this same poet is on his death-bed. Infinite variety, you will observe, as well as unity of theme and character, marks all these enthralling episodes, and there is no reliance on crude sensationalism, no criminal violence, nothing exceeding the bounds of possibility. Indeed, the "Colonel" never forces himself on his quarry; it is always Sir Charles himself who, by a strange irony, goes out of his way to make the acquaintance of this fascinating stranger in each of his many rôles.

Curious is it, perhaps, that there is hardly a redeeming character in the book. For all his criminal tendencies, Paul Finglemore, alias Clay (we take some credit to ourselves for marking the casual introduction of young Finglemore, ne'er-do-well brother of Vandrift's broker, and "spotting" him at once as the villain), is a man of nobler possibilities than either the hard-fisted and pleasure-loving financier or his touting secretary. And there is no heroine in the story. For White Heather, the piquant little lady who shares most of Clay's transformations, and Césarine, Lady Vandrift's maid and Clay's spy, are mere engaging adventuresses. Yet no book could have a more striking moral motif than "An African Millionaire." When—thanks to the Bertillon system (see how scientific we are!) and some snapshots from a girl's camera—Paul Finglemore is dragged to the Old Bailey, you feel, as he conducts his own case and subjects Sir Charles to a merciless cross-examination, that it is the millionaire and not Clay who is on his trial. And as every dirty shift of Vandrift's is brought to light, you recognise that there may be greater scoundrelism in company-promoting and on the Stock Exchange than in any barefaced swindling, and you echo wildly the schoolboy's comment when sentence is passed, "I'd a jolly sight rather it had been old Vandrift." This clever Mr. Grant Allen has made you swallow a sermon all unawares. But, moral or no moral, "An African Millionaire" is one of the most agreeable books of the season—just the comfortable and easy literature to while away an afternoon on the river or by the sea this hot weather.

F. G. B.



DETECTIVE MEDHURST SUDDENLY EMERGED FROM THE BOOK-CASE.

From "The Episode of the Arrest of the Colonel."

kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, nor to leave him; he feels like a fluke that has at last discovered the right sheep and means to live on its host. So mad with suspicion does Vandrift grow under this persecution that on two separate occasions he mistakes a harmless enthusiast for

* "An African Millionaire: Episodes in the Life of the Illustrious Colonel Clay." By Grant Allen. London: Grant Richards, Covent Garden.

ENGLISH MONARCHS AND IRELAND.



ENTRANCE OF GEORGE IV. INTO DUBLIN CASTLE, AUG. 17, 1821.



RICHARD II. QUELLING THE REBELLION OF MACMURROUGH, 1339.



HENRY VIII. WAS THE FIRST ENGLISH KING TO ASSUME THE TITLE KING OF IRELAND.



FRONTISPIECE OF A SONG ENTITLED "QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT TO IRELAND."



HENRY II. WAS THE FIRST ENGLISH KING TO BE LORD OF IRELAND.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE QUEEN FROM KINGSTOWN HARBOUR, AUG. 10, 1849.
From the Painting by Edwin Hayes.

THE BEAVER IN BRITAIN.

The earliest mention of the beaver in this country occurs, according to Mr. J. E. Harting's "Extinct British Mammals," in an ancient code of Welsh laws, A.D. 940; whereby it is provided that the Sovereign is "to have the worth of beavers, martens, and ermines in whatsoever spot they shall be killed." The latest mention of the beaver, by the same authority, is in Bellenden's vernacular translation of Boethius' "Cronicles of Scotland," made in 1536. A century later Sir R. Sibbald was unable to state that the animal still survived. Within the present generation two or three attempts have been made to re-establish the beaver in England. In 1874 the Marquis of Bute turned down four in a carefully chosen spot at Mount Stuart, near Rothesay, and the next year he added seven more. For a time the colony flourished, and in 1878 sixteen individuals were alive. They continued to increase slowly, and there seemed every hope that the experiment would succeed; but after a few years the colony began to dwindle, and in 1895 it was announced that the last of the Mount Stuart beavers was dead. Let us hope that more permanent success awaits Sir Edmund Loder's venture at Leonardslee, in Sussex, where, about seven years ago, he turned out beavers imported direct from North America.

In a ravine, whose steeps are smothered in bracken and pine, with the rhododendrons beloved of pheasants glowing pink through the shade, the Leonardslee beavers dwell in undisturbed seclusion, secure from interference by a prosaic galvanised iron fence. A good hundred yards of the stream which wanders between sedge and wood is theirs, and they have dammed the brook across to form a pond fifty yards in length and about twenty-five yards at its widest. Approaching from above, tell-tale ripples on the yellow pond betray a beaver abroad; they are most active when the shadows begin to lengthen, but under the soothing influences of deep shade and quiet they show sometimes at high noon; captivity has not done much to decrease their natural shyness, and if you would see the beavers you must be patient. It is difficult to realise at once that the dam which holds the water fully five feet above its old level is not the work of man. The exposed side is an easy slope, overgrown here and there with grass, but, for the most part, littered with sticks and lengths of small timber carefully and completely barked; one might suppose that the beavers had been furnished with a few hop-poles and a length of sturdy post-and-rails to be broken up and littered over the embankment. The dam stretches about thirty feet from bank to bank, bulging irregularly downstream; it must be fully eight feet thick at the base, but is no higher than necessary to retain the water in the pond. The overflow finds its way through the dam close under the banks. In the stream below the dam, trees eight or ten inches thick lie prone; stump and stem, held together by a few fibres, are neatly coned like a broken hour-glass; at the top of the pond two stout pines rear their

strengthening the dam? A heap of barked sticks close under the bank shows the site of the first dam built by the beavers on their enlargement; they began it, by the way, within a week of being turned out, and abandoned it when the bounds of their home were widened. A casual glance at the butt of a stick drawn from the heap gives a momentary shock. The cut face seems to have been the work of an axe, and a sharp one at that. Only when you come to examine it closely do you find the marks of the teeth clean and distinct, running in fine parallel ridges across the grain.

So far the Leonardslee beavers have done well. There have been several young ones, some of which have grown up, and some of which have died. One youngster was born last year, and must be full-grown by this time, but how many the colony numbers it is difficult to say. Sir Edmund Loder believes that there are five at least, perhaps six: it is impossible to take a census of creatures so shy. Beavers are not always well behaved in confinement. Only last year two quarrelsome animals were caught and condemned to be sold; they had killed several of the smaller and weaker ones, and, in the interests of the colony, could not be allowed to remain. Occasionally a restless beaver escapes from the enclosure and proceeds to explore the neighbourhood; the wanderer is easily traced, as he cannot keep his teeth off tempting trees that come in his way, and he is soon retaken in a box-trap; one of these traps, containing a few dog-biscuits, always stands open in the enclosure, so the truant will enter without hesitation. A few months ago an old beaver left her two young ones and went on a journey of exploration down the stream; she was caught a couple of miles away by a miller, who found her in his wheel and

brought her back in a sack; she was none the worse for her adventure, but, unfortunately, both the cubs died in her absence.

As a good many people have the idea that a beavers' dam is nothing more than a monument of misdirected industry reared to gratify the tastes of an animal overpowered with a sense of the dignity of labour, it may be well to observe that it is constructed to accomplish a very important and definite end. Above all things it is necessary to the safety of the "lodge" or burrow, wherein the beaver dwells and brings forth its young, that the entrance should be deeply submerged; and the dam is built for the purpose of securing such depth of water that the burrow entrance shall neither be exposed by drought in summer nor blocked by ice in winter. The tendency of the muddy bottom to silt up compels the beavers to increase the height and length of their dam each recurring spring, when overflowing is most to be feared.

An hour's watch, disturbed only by the whisper of the golden-crested wrens in the pine overhead and the cooing of a distant dove; the beavers have been startled once to-day and are slow to come out again; at last the long-hoped-for ripples roll circling from the bank just round the corner, and a beaver, with ears and nose alone unsubmerged, swims out, his red-brown body clearly outlined in the yellow water. He



THE POND FORMED BY THE DAM.



THE DAM FROM THE BANK.



THE DAM FROM BELOW.

withered crests above the water which covers their roots; each is deeply "girdled" at the water's edge by the industrious but destructive beavers. With a single exception, every unprotected tree in the enclosure is either killed in this way or felled outright; the exception is a small oak which grows by the old stream-bed and whose roots are half-buried by the embankment; its bark shows not the mark of a tooth. Is the wood too hard, the sap too sour, or does that tree serve useful purpose in

inspects critically the two big trees at the top of the pond, swimming round each in turn, with his nose in the fatal groove, but evidently decides against beginning work just yet. He leaves the trees, and takes a turn across the pond, evidently not seeing me within a dozen yards of him; another turn or two, and a stealthy movement to sight him with the camera is detected; a spasmodic wriggle and heave of the hind quarters, and the beaver is gone.

c.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE NEW CURATE (*who has preached from the text "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish"*): Very glad you liked the sermon, Mrs. Hodges.

MRS HODGES: Aye, zur; an' it were a fine text, too: "Except ye pay rent ye shall all go to the parish."



A CHANGE.

"I was so sorry to hear about your poor wife, Mr. Sniggs. I hope her end was peaceful."

"Sure, Mum, she was that quiet just before she died, I wouldn't ha' cared supposin' she'd lived another week."



PARSON: Where can I find your father, Georgie?
GEORGIE: 'E's in the pig-pen; yer'll know 'im 'cos 'e's got a 'at on.

THE FRANCO-SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

The friendly relations between France and Scotland date back to a very early period in the history of both countries. For centuries the ties between them were of a close and intimate nature. They were martial, personal, and educational. The two peoples, indeed, had much in common, and their interests led them to join in many enterprises in Scotland and on the Continent. Old Scottish writers speak of the "Weel-keepit ancient alliance between Scotland and France," and the secret of that possibly was that "oor auld enemies o' England" were in frequent conflict with France and Scotland alike. The shedding of blood in a common cause engendered mutual sympathy and regard. The French soldier was well known in Scotland, and the Scottish youth proved their valour in the cause of France on many a well-fought field. Scotsmen rallied round Charles VI. when sorely pressed alike by Burgundy and England; it was the aid Scottish soldiers gave to Jeanne d'Arc that compelled the English to raise the siege of Orleans, and for centuries a Scottish Archer Guard, in which was enrolled the flower of the Scottish youth, was responsible for the person of the Kings of France, standing even nearer the throne than *les cent gentilhommes* who were of the best French families. After the union of the crowns of England and Scotland, Louis XIV. did not care so much for his Scots Guard, who, he said, had become Englishmen; but it is interesting to recall the fact that in 1815 the Scots Archer Guard, as probably its last duty, escorted the remains of the guillotined Louis XVI. and his Queen

Universities who have undertaken to be the medium of communication between the students of these countries. In 1895 the relations between the French and Scottish Universities were still further drawn closer by the formation of the Franco-Scottish Society, the objects of which, as set forth in the printed constitution, are—(1) to bring the Universities of the two countries into connection with each other by encouraging interchange of students, (2) to bring about intercourse between the members, (3) to promote historical research concerning the ancient relations between the two countries, (4) and in general by periodical meetings in France and Scotland, and all other means, to renew, as far as possible, the bonds of sympathy between the two countries. These are objects, of course, of which all can approve. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Franco-Scottish Society has no political significance. It is not directed against "oor auld enemies o' England," with whom Scotsmen are for ever indissolubly united; but the Franco-Scottish members are hopeful that one of its results may be, by encouraging social and educational intercourse between Frenchmen and Englishmen and Scotsmen, to shut the door on misunderstandings between the United Kingdom and France, and draw closer the ties of friendship.

The Society is in excellent hands. Its first French president was the late Jules Simon; its present French president is M. Casimir-Périer, and the French membership includes M. le Comte de Franqueville, who is understood to be the Ambassador-Designate to the Court of St. James; M. Gréard, of the French Academy; M. Lavissee, of the French Academy; M. Duclaux, the head of the Pasteur Institute;



THE FRANCO-SCOTTISH SOCIETY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. WALLACE, DALKEITH.

Marie Antoinette from the spot where they had been interred during "The Terror" to the ancient burial-place of the Kings of France at St. Denis.

During the reign of James V. the relations between France and Scotland were of the most intimate character, and France and Scotland were equally interested in the ill-fated Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. It was in France also that the last of the Stuarts found a refuge. Close commercial bonds existed between France and Scotland for many years. French goods were admitted to Scotland free of duty, and claret at one time was almost as cheap at Leith, the port of Edinburgh, as it was at Bordeaux. At one time all Scotsmen could claim rights of citizenship in France, and during the short and troublous reign of Mary Stuart an Act was passed according the same privilege to Frenchmen in Scotland. There were many other points in common between the two countries. The Court of Session, the Supreme Law Court in Scotland, was founded by James V. on the model of the Law Courts of Paris, and many of the names and forms still attest its ancient origin. The head of the Court is the "President," the Judges are "Lords," and the counsel are "Advocates." Many of the sons of the nobility and gentry of Scotland were educated in Paris, and for nearly four centuries there was a Scots College in Paris—the centre of this educational influence which existed down to the year 1744. Every Highland chieftain used to be able to speak French, English, and Gaelic.

The newly constituted Franco-Scottish Society has an educational basis. It grew out of International University relations, begun in 1889 on the occasion of the opening of the new Sorbonne. Deputations of students from various Universities were invited to be present at these meetings; the old feeling of "camaraderie" between the students of France and Scotland was revived, and, parenthetically, it may be mentioned that the gathering of 1889 also resulted in the appointment of eight student "consuls" at different French, German, and Italian

Professor Alfred Croiset, the famous Hellenic scholar; Professor Paul Meyer, of the Ecole des Chartes; M. Troost, member of the Institute; Professor Boutroux; Professor Beljame; M. Mariett, architect to the Minister of the Interior, and many others. The French secretary is M. Paul Melon. Of the Scottish branch, the president is Lord Reay, with the Duke of Fife, the Marquis of Tweeddale, the Marquis of Lothian, the Earl of Hopetoun, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Kelvin, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., and others, as vice-presidents, while the Council for the most part consists of Edinburgh and St. Andrews professors and a few other influential citizens. The Scottish secretary is Mr. A. A. Gordon, C. A., George Street, Edinburgh. The inaugural meeting of the Society was held in Paris in 1896, and was a very enjoyable gathering, but it was entirely eclipsed in brilliancy and success by the second meeting, which took place in Edinburgh last month. Over fifty French gentlemen, chiefly connected with the Universities of Paris and Montpellier, the Comte de Franqueville, the Comtesse, and their daughter, and a few French ladies, were present in Edinburgh for a week as guests of the Scottish branch. The proceedings were officially and heartily recognised by the Corporation of Edinburgh and the authorities of the Edinburgh University; there were conferences in the forenoons and excursions and social gatherings in the evenings of three days, and visits were made to Newbattle Abbey, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian, to Loch Leven and Stirling, and to St. Andrews (for to the French visitors any place connected with Mary Stuart was intensely interesting). One of the great social functions of the week was a banquet given to the French guests in the ancient banquet-hall of Edinburgh Castle, which, now happily restored by the liberality of the late William Nelson, was used for the first time for such a purpose since the Coronation Banquet of Charles I., which, by a curious coincidence, took place on the same day of the same month three hundred years before.

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SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

In London bicycling and boating have long been considered suitable Sunday occupations, but in some of the provinces prejudices similar to those common throughout England early in the century still prevail. Many of the residents in the little Devonshire watering-place in which I am now staying, for instance, are deeply scandalised at the sight of a man or woman cycling on a Sunday. As for boating on the Sabbath, the bare thought would bring the flush of shame to the faces of these good people, and therefore it is that a slump in boats and boatmen seems to take place every Sunday in this otherwise charming townlet. I can remember the time when a lady seen in a hansom in London was considered past praying for, and we can all remember the outcry raised against ladies who adopted the bicycle when the fashion called "safety cycling" was in its infancy. Of course, the well-meaning "touch-nic-nots" who at present cast their eyes heavenwards at the sight of persons cycling on Sundays will gradually come to see the whimsical side of their old-fashioned ideas, as they have done with regard to hansom cabs; but the prejudices of hardened provincials have very long roots, which need a lot of pulling out.

Mr. Charles White, of 50, Barbican, E.C., has produced a bicycle-lamp which is going to make an enormous change in the experiences of cyclists. Who among us does not remember the frantic efforts to



secure a light on a windy night, the terrors of lack of oil and of absence of matches? Mr. White requires us only to touch a little spring, and there is an eight-candle-power lamp at our service—a delightful little incandescent burner which is independent alike of wick, oil, matches, and of wind. There are of course difficulties, or every one of my readers would be rushing to the Barbican to purchase. The lamp requires recharging, and, although this process will only cost eightpence at an

electric-lighting works, one cannot always find electric-lighting works to hand. With those, however, who have a taste for mechanics, the lamp will command a good deal of attention and a great deal of support. The fact that Mr. Charles White's name is associated with "electric" oil gives him a particular claim to consideration.

Perhaps the greatest nuisance that the cyclist has to contend with at this time of the year is the insect nuisance. Tiny flies have a tiresome trick of popping into your eyes just as you are preparing for a nice long "coast." A lady tells me she finds that spectacles with the ovals placed vertically prevent flies entering one's eyes; but, on the other hand, the sight of many persons so adorned would be apt to frighten midwives and children into hysterics. Another fair cyclist, who prides herself upon being utterly indifferent as to her personal appearance, suggests that a strong solution of tobacco judiciously rubbed over the complexion "will effectually ward off every kind of insect." So I should think. Even the male microbe must draw the line somewhere. I remember once covering my face with vaseline in a tropical country in order to keep off mosquitoes at night. The vaseline acted on the fly-paper principle. Possibly lady cyclists who, in common with my two informants, entirely disregard their personal appearance, would prefer vaseline to tobacco-juice. Joking apart, plenty of "washes" and kindred mixtures are warranted to keep off insects, but ladies whom I have consulted upon the subject tell me that nothing is of practical use.

We frequently hear of cyclists being fined for riding on the footpath. A case in point occurred recently at Tamworth, where a doctor and his assistant were convicted, though the evidence showed conclusively that the condition of the roadway was such as to render riding absolutely dangerous. I have no fault to find with the law which forbids cyclists to ride upon the footpath. A footpath is clearly intended for the use of pedestrians, whose safety and comfort should be the first consideration, and it is obviously right to punish cyclists who infringe this law. But in the case of the Tamworth doctors it seems hard, to say the least, that the extenuating circumstances should not have been taken into account. I believe that cyclists who, under similar difficulties of unrideable roads, have pushed their machines along the path, have before now been summoned before the Bench for infringing the letter of the law. And if this be contrary to law, what about the nursemaid who pushes the perambulator along the footway? I don't wish to be down upon infants, but if it is wrong to wheel a bicycle along a footpath, assuredly it is equally wrong to wheel a baby over the same track. Though a baby cannot scorch, it can certainly screech, and many a time have I been compelled to step into the roadway in order to get out of earshot and so avoid having my ears blasted by the really shocking language indulged in by babes in "prams," who were apparently under the influence of delirium tantrums.

The Maypole ride at a Belfast fête some little time ago must have been a charming sight. We have long been familiar with the pretty children's dance, plaiting the maypole with various coloured ribbons. I believe it was one of the great features at the annual "Well-dressing" at Buxton twenty or thirty years ago, and I have heard of its revival in several North Country villages more recently. At the fête in aid of the Children's Hospital in Belfast it was most effectively carried out by the pupils of a ladies' college mounted on bicycles; the machines were steered with one hand, while the other held the ribbon; and the clever manner in which the intricate evolutions were performed elicited much applause.

The other day I saw two sisters start on a tour, and certainly they looked exceedingly smart and most sensibly got-up. They wore bloomers of fine black cloth, gored at the top, the fulness only showing at the knees. These garments were much more becoming than those with pleats round the waist; with pleats, the hips always appear so much larger. The bodices were made of white piqué, pleated into a yoke, over which was a collar of black linen, and above it fell a second one of white. This loose and novel bodice was fastened in front with two rows of tiny black linen buttons. The broad black waistband was fastened with a handsome silver buckle. The black silk stockings with white clocks looked well with low doeskin shoes, the grey gloves of Irish chevrette matching exactly in colour, and the fair wearers wore simple black sailor-hats trimmed with white satin and black aigrettes.

CURIOSITIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

A correspondent writes in reference to a picture in a recent number—

The photograph of a cow suckling lambs which appeared in *The Sketch* drove me to my note-book to look for similar instances of the maternal instinct overpowering the barrier of species. Here are a few from well-authenticated sources which may interest your readers. In a workman's room at Parkhead, Glasgow, in November of last year, might have been seen a cat nursing a young rat with three of her own kittens. How she came to adopt the rat deponent saith not. The cat was valued as a rat-ter. In February of last year, at Five Oak Green in Kent, a retriever belonging to Mr. Hinton Jones gave birth to a litter of ten pups. Five were drowned, and the reduced nursery failed to satisfy the retriever's maternal heart. She raided a sty in which a sow had recently farrowed and carried off eight young sucking-pigs, which she placed in her kennel, presumably to bring up her family to its original strength. This retriever's agility was more remarkable than her arithmetic, for she had to leap a high wall into the sty and out again. None of the young pigs so annexed were at all injured by the experience. We all know that a broody hen will expend her time and patience on anything from a chalk egg to a beer-bottle, but I have note of two very curious cases. At a farmhouse in the Ravoch district, Aberdeenshire, the house cat kitted in a box in which a hen had been laying regularly; and the hen, inspired by feelings which she only could explain, took forcible possession of those kittens and sat upon them assiduously, resenting with all a fowl's indignation the mother cat's necessary ministrations to her offspring. In May 1895, at Stanlake Park, Twyford, Berks, a vagrant tabby produced four kittens in the manger of an outhouse, and her family was almost immediately adopted by a hen. So bent was the fowl on "hatching" these kittens that a fair stand-up fight ensued between herself and the rightful parent whenever the latter approached. This hen, with her adopted children, was photographed by Molyneux, huntsman of Mr. Garth's hounds, and the picture was published in a sporting paper. Yet another case, on your editorial patience continue. The kittens of a cat belonging to Mr. Macfarlane, of Woodside Farm, near Coupar Angus, had been killed by a dog. The bereaved mother forthwith collected five young mice and lavished upon them the milk and affection for which her maternal instincts compelled her to find outlet. This family was visited by many people in the neighbourhood (May 1895), but I am sorry to say I never heard what attitude that tabby adopted towards her strange children when they grew up. I pass over the mistake by which a partridge brought up two chickens in a field near Tring, as that was a pardonable error and susceptible of easy explanation. The instances I have given you will, I think, lead many to adopt my own view, that among some creatures the instinct of maternity is paramount.

Occupying one of the smaller cages of the Western Aviary at the "Zoo" is a curiosity in bird-life. This is a cinnamon-coloured blackbird, which was caught, not long after it had left the nest, in a net spread to protect a cherry-tree from him and his kind on the Wigmore Estate, near Dorking. The bird was presented to the "Zoo" by Mr. A. J. Lawford Jones, who described it in a paper read before the Society in April last. This peculiar coloration is a rare phase of albinism, but is not unprecedented. In 1890 a hen blackbird, somewhat paler in hue than Mr. Lawford Jones's specimen, was shot in Bucks, and is preserved in the Natural History Museum. In each of these cases the back view of the bird presents curious likeness to that of a thrush. A cinnamon-coloured rook, killed in Pembrokeshire in 1893, is also worth mention, and I believe that at least one case of a starling in winter plumage of cinnamon-brown has been recorded, but cannot recall particulars. The blackbird seems rather given to deviation from orthodoxy in his dress; I have seen him with a white head and neck, with assorted white flight and tail feathers, pied with irregular white patches all over, and, of course, pure white. Such a capture as Mr. Lawford Jones's is exceedingly interesting to the ornithologist, but, from the artistic point of view, the cinnamon variety cannot be held an improvement on the common or garden blackbird.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

GOLF.

The day has long since passed when Scots professors of the royal and ancient game could claim a monopoly of the honours in golf. It is two years



HARRY VARDON.

Photo by C. Hussey.

since Harry Vardon—a mere Englishman—had the audacity to win the open championship, and that, too, on Scottish soil. Since then Vardon has proved in many a keenly fought game that his victory on that eventful day was no fluke. Vardon is not, perhaps, so steady a player as, say, Sandy Herd, J. R. Taylor, or Andrew Kirkcaldy; but he has brilliant moments when he is almost unapproachable. He is tall and wiry, drives a long ball, and makes a splendid approach, and is frequently deadly on the green. Like most good golfers, Vardon has a quiet temperament, an even mind, and only a moderate estimate of his own great abilities. He has been “lying low” for some considerable time, and we should expect him to do something big before long. He is a better medal-player than a match-player, but even in the latter capacity he has defeated most of the cracks at one time or other.

Golf evidently runs in the Vardon blood, for the ex-champion's younger brother is also a great player, and it is thought by some that he may one day equal the record of his brother. Golf seems to be a particularly inherited game; this may be the case because even the youngest people can take part in it.

CRICKET.

Mr. C. E. Green may be justly proud of the enviable position attained to by the Essex team in the Cricket County Championship of this season. Mr. Green has been to Essex what the late Mr. Fred Burbridge was to Surrey. Many of us are (perhaps unfortunately) old enough to remember the dismal state into which the once all-powerful Surrey Cricket Club had sunk a good many years ago. Mr. Burbridge was a good amateur cricketer, and an enthusiastic lover of cricket, and he spared no pains to raise the Surrey team from the low estate to which it had been reduced. Mr. Burbridge was for ever on the look-out to make valuable additions to the Surrey eleven, and one of his finds was Mr. Diver, who for many seasons showed to great advantage in this historic eleven. Mr. Green has played the same rôle of *deus ex machina* to Essex, and he may well be a proud man to-day.

I do not think Mr. Green has ever figured in the Essex county eleven, but he is certainly no novice in the noble art of the wielders of the willow, and it may be remembered that at one time he captained the eleven of Cambridge University. An excellent specimen of the typical Englishman, Charlie Green, as he is known to many a sportsman, not only excelled in cricket, but was an excellent all-round athlete, a high-jumper, and a first-rate rider to hounds—one who has been M.F. of the Essex pack in his time. Every lover of cricket must be familiar with Mr. Green's tall, athletic figure, and Anglo-Saxon personality, and every lover of cricket will congratulate this popular and charming gentleman on the success of the county in which he has taken so zealous an interest.

RUNNING.

The half-mile championship of the world (for fifty pounds a-side) was decided at Stamford Bridge last Monday week, Edgar Chichester Bredin upholding the honour of Old England against C. H. Kilpatrick, the American, who held the record (1 min. 53 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.). From the start Kilpatrick led, his advantage at the end of the first quarter-mile—covered in 57 sec.—being about four yards. Bredin was quite content to remain this distance in the rear until after entering the last straight. Then, some forty yards from home, with a grand effort, he went to the front and won by about three yards in 1 min. 55 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec. This second victory of Bredin over Kilpatrick has led to a modification of the original arrangement that three races should be run between the International champions, the third race having been abandoned.

RACING NOTES.

The practice of giving big presents to jockeys has become more general of late, but I could never see, for my part, why a jockey should receive more for riding a winner than he does a loser, seeing that he is supposed simply to ride to orders. Some of the professional-plunger owners, however, evidently find it pays to put the jockeys on something, and I know an owner who always gives a jockey three hundred pounds for riding a selling-race winner for him, and two hundred pounds for other races. Why the distinction is made I could never make out, unless it is that other owners who dabble in selling-races do the same.

Already Clerks of Courses are planning out their winter programmes, but I cannot see how racing under National Hunt Rules is to improve until many more recruits are obtained to the list of owners. Some of the Newmarket trainers who prepared jumpers last winter do not intend to do so this, owing to their want of success, but I believe Halsey will have a longer string than usual at Findon, while the Epsom stables are all full. It is said Mr. M. D. Rucker is going to race largely over the sticks, and I believe Mr. William Moore has a full complement of horses at Weyhill, but what is wanted is new blood, and this we shall not get until a race of equal interest to the Grand National is established near London.

It is to be hoped that the handicapper, when adjusting the weights for the Autumn Handicaps, will not be too lenient to some animals that have shown no form this year but are supposed to have been in keeping for future *coups*. I am sometimes inclined to think that owners as well as horses ought to be handicapped in certain cases, just for the good of the race. Further, I consider that handicappers should, if possible, attend and see horses run before, and not after they have handicapped them. The Jockey Club insist on a handicapper being present to see the result of his handiwork, but this is too late.

St. Simon seems to be the most fortunate sire that ever lived, for no matter whether good or bad luck hovers over Welbeck, he manages to do well. In the present manner of gauging a sire's capacity, one winner of a “ten-thousand-pounder” reflects more credit upon his male parent than twenty heroes of closely fought battles in three-hundred-pound handicaps. Last year up to August St. Simon deserved his position in the winning-list, for five of his children had secured races worth four figures and one worth five; but his exalted form of £39,000 won in stakes was owing rather to the effort of St. Frusquin than to the winnings of Persimmon. Thanks to the difference of 3 lb. in the Prince of Wales's stakes, the bearer of the Rothschild blue and yellow secured £23,000 while Persimmon was winning £5000.

This season Persimmon has done the trick with £12,665, and but for the victories of the Derby winner St. Simon would stand a long way down the list. In the same way, Kendal, who was last year at this time fifteenth, with eighteen races won, Galtee More the only one of the batch credited with four figures, owes his present position almost entirely to the capacity of Mr. Gubbins' colt, who already claims in stakes upwards of £16,000, and seems likely to go on to a considerable increase yet.

The curious luck of breeding is shown in the case of Saraband, whom Mr. Tom Castle was not sorry to part with, as he proved so difficult to mate; but immediately he went abroad his stock won without cessation, and, instead of fourteen winners of £5000, the son of Muncaster has twenty-one winners of upwards of £7000, thus sharing in the general prosperity which has for so long pursued Doncaster blood, either through the agency of the expatriated Bonavista, through Kendal, Bend Or, or Martagon, the latter one of the most promising sires at the stud.



E. C. BREDIN.

Photo by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

VANITIES VARIOUSLY.

There is nothing new under the sun as far as feminine vestments are concerned, nor will there appear any startling departures from present modes and matters for at least another month. Not that the interminably



HATS FOR THE COUNTRY.

[Copyright.]

active fashion-maker ceases from troubling by any means, for, when all other excuses fail, there is always the new autumn hat on which to occupy her busy inventiveness. Paris is at the moment, for instance, full of strangers, principally American, who find the shops of that gay city a perennial source of inspiration when on their way to or from "home." Even in August Lutetia must live up to her classic reputation, and therefore the autumn hat flaunts itself in many guises before the passing stranger. Two subjoined illustrations denote the latest passing of fashion; one, a cherry-coloured satin straw, with accordion-pleated taffetas in red and white silk respectively, is smart and dainty. Trimmings, whether of ribbon or feathers, are high to eccentricity, and how one is to pack away into carriage or hansom will undoubtedly become a vexed question if, as is predicted, these side elevations continue to grow in inches and favour. One extremely smart hat imported by a Transatlantic cousin from Virot for the envy and admiration of Newport girls measures exactly sixteen inches from the top of its topmost bow to the dainty little head which proudly supports it. Eagle's-wing feathers, which first came into modish consideration when employed for fans a season or two back, are now translated to the last effort of millinery; and the toque which appears in first sketch is decorated with two in front, cut round for some inscrutable purpose of the milliner's, eagle-feathers, according to Nature, being pointed; but, then, fashion has no reverence for raw material, and the fur or feather or furbelow which passes through her hands without undergoing some process of artistic touching-up or twisting is few and far between indeed. It seems "early days" in the midst of this sweltering sunshine to talk furs, but ermine and sable are being largely "put by" for late autumn and winter millinery by those who make and unmake not dynasties, but the little less momentous matter of the mode.

Country race-meetings make a feature in rural diversions at this time of year, and, before shooting began, ranked first in house-party excitements when the neighbourhood focussed one or two such festive gatherings. Twelve or sixteen miles counts for nothing as a drive with such diversion at the other end, and from the Squire downwards, everyone, more or less, pins in an appearance. It is here even more than at the local garden-parties that the critical faculty gets full opportunity, for all classes are assembled in their respective "bests," and many are the enviously furtive glances bestowed on those frocks which bear the recent hall-mark of town-made by others whose confections are so obviously local. The tailor-made order prevails,



[Copyright.]

SMART AUTUMN JACKET.

of course, but, with a good sprinkling of big houses in the neighbourhood, light muslins are sure to be worn by the girls, and one of the nicest of these diaphanous constructions which was met after a whole Season's experience turned up quite inconsequently at a rustic race-meeting in Herefordshire this week. The white muslin overdress made on white taffetas was flounced knee-high, with tiny tucks put on festoon fashion

and edged with narrow yellow Valenciennes. A prettily puckered and gathered bodice with insertion inlaid was drawn in under a belt of wide black velvet ribbon. What gave character to the frock was a trellis-work of the narrowest black velvet, which overlaid the yoke back and front, repeating itself on the transparent gathered sleeves as far as the elbow. One of the new black hats, trimmed very high on one side with loops of ribbon and black chiffon, had an effective *cache-peigne* of shaded pink roses. In the party which contained this daintily gowned young woman several others wore the now ubiquitous pouched jacket, which in velvet, fur, and brocade, not to mention plainer materials, will make a principal feature in outdoor autumn fashions. This illustration of the prevailing method, with its quite short basque and incroyable lapels, is a particularly good one. A rich emerald-green velvet is the material used; being double-breasted, this dainty coat is fastened with large buttons of cut-steel and emeralds. The lapels aforesaid are in rich black guipure over satin a lighter shade in green. Little looped epaulettes of this same satin under guipure appear at the shoulders. The belt can be jewelled, matching buttons, or, as in this case, simply a band of twisted satin. A principal reason for the increasing popularity of the pouched



[Copyright.]

TRAVELLING-GOWN IN DRAB AND WHITE.

bodice is to be found, beyond doubt, in the tiny appearance it artfully conveys even to a moderately solid waist-line.

Those who knew that the Prince of Wales would not put in his much-looked-for appearance at Homburg this year kept the secret well, and an unusually brilliant season was not, therefore, nipped in the bud, as might have been the case had the tuft-hunting contingent been duly apprised. Dinners and breakfasts on Ritter's delightful verandah have succeeded each other in a fast and furious succession of hospitalities. At the Duke and Duchess of Rutland's luncheon-party some days since the table was a mass of dark-red roses, the effect of whose fragrant presence is to attract wasps and bees to a somewhat discomfiting degree occasionally. Among Mr. V. Bowring's guests the same morning were Mr. Beit, of African millions fame, Mrs. Mackay, Sir Frank Lascelles, temporarily off duty at Berlin, and Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Brand. Mr. Bowring is one of the established "entertaining men" at Homburg and elsewhere, and his parties are always pleasantly diversified by a judicious infusion of celebrities to leaven the mass of merely ordinary prosperous humanity.

Friends who have made a halting-place at Lucerne on their way Rigi-wards dilate endlessly over the hundred-and-one delights of that little Swiss Eden. The National has started its already famous Restaurant, which is to Lucerne what the Savoy is to town—something unique and quite apart. Princess Ismail Pasha is one of many notabilities to be seen dining there almost nightly. It was her late husband who

built the famous Ghizereh Palace, which cost eight millions of francs and is now the favourite *caravanserai* of him who knoweth how to do his Cairo in luxury. There is a pretty young Egyptian Princess staying with the widow of Ismail Pasha whose costumes are the admiration and despair of the feminine community. The Princess is very rich, and has a numerous suite staying at the National. The Comtesse Bertrand de Mun is also there, a cousin of that pretty and charming little lady of the same name who perished in the fatal Paris fire. One of the quaintest possible combinations has just been sent out to a friend who intends to dazzle all eyes at the National next week. The material is a very bright rose-coloured taffetas under pale-grey mousseline-de-soie. Little revers of apple-green taffetas under ivory guipure appear at back and front of the pouched bodice, and a chemisette of pleated ivory cambrie and lace is daintily finished off at neck with bows of apple-green ribbon. A most curious but charming combination this, and put together with the utmost skill.

Black-and-white checks make their occasional *reentrée* at this time of the year without being very violently fashionable, but one of the very prettiest travelling-frocks I have met this year was at a railway-station some days ago, in a little check of the aforesaid magpie mixture. Plain bands of white cloth bound the edges of cut-away coat epaulettes, and edged the apron of skirt at both sides; over it tabs of black velvet ribbon, kept in place with little round gold buttons, made a novel and effective trimming. The dress was lined with pale-blue silk, and the loose vest of mousseline to match made the daintiest possible finishing touch. The hat worn with it was pale-blue straw, trimmed with white wings and black chiffon. One of the last cries of seaside fashion is the wearing of bathing-stockings and cap *en suite* to contrast with the costume proper. For instance, a bathing-frock of pink serge, patterned in black braid, will have a black silk bathing-cap and stockings, or a plain white mohair will be flanked with tartan hosiery and headgear. I am at variance with Dame Fashion on the former issue, sandals only are to my thinking so much prettier than the more elaborated bathing outfit adopted by many this year. Talking of tartan, for which, in common with French and American women, I have to acknowledge more than a sneaking affection, here in this illustration will be found a charmingly rendered combination of navy-blue Irish poplin and that green-and-blue plaid with a yellow line, whose clan, not being a Scotswoman, I cannot at the moment place. *N'importe*, the union of these Gaelic elements is none the less charming. A bolero of poplin covers the shirt of taffetas tartan; this little jacket cut in tabs, with lapels of white satin under lace, conveys the fascination of the bolero very potently. Circlets of blue satin ribbon trim sleeves, skirt, and edge the epaulettes. A navy-blue satin straw, trimmed with twisted bows of blue ribbon and eagle-feathers, or with bunches of nuts and foliage, could be successfully worn with this *chic* autumn frock. Oak-apples figure forth in most realistic fashion among the recent efforts of French flower-makers; chestnuts and walnuts, to wit, also, with their respective greenery, which reminds me that chestnut-colour, that warm red-brown so becoming to clear-skinned brunettes, is foreshadowed as a favourite winter colour. Greens variously are in for a revival, too, and we shall see some bright red about, though not among the best-dressed perhaps, seeing that its vogue in Paris is over and done with.

At a big garden-party this week I met three sisters all dressed in pink, but of varying shades—deep, deeper, deepest; the effect was remarkably good and quite novel, although the plan of dressing females of a family alike is apt to institute comparisons, unless each is equally good-looking—a distribution of gifts which Dame Nature very seldom vouchsafes to one roof-tree. I had some excellent sandwiches at this party in question, by the way, and, before driving away, blandished my hostess, who is an old friend, into a promise of the recipe, which, in the interests of other gourmets, is given here. The "American Oyster" sandwich is made with a stiff mayonnaise, into which essence of anchovy, a dash of lemon-juice, a trifle of cayenne, and minced olives to taste, are introduced. Capers may be substituted, but the olives are sufficiently good for most mortals.

One of the very few sweet sandwiches I have ever been able to eat with *goût* or gratitude is composed of grated chocolate spread over thick cream. It is an absolute appetite-killer, of course, but none the worse for that, in some circumstances—a country garden-party, for instance, with a drive of twelve miles between you, home, and dinner. I remember some wonderful sandwiches the hotel people used to put up for us when starting for a day's mountain-climbing in the Rhone Valley last spring. It was cruel kindness, really, for, although deliciously made, the mixtures produced a fiendish thirst, with no possible means of allaying same unless someone had provided an extra-deep flask, which did not often happen. The best of these *bonne-bouches* was made with black bread, on which grated Parmesan, minced celery, and thick cream were spread. Another specialty with this *chef de chefs* was green butter, which, as all the world knoweth, is made with chopped parsley and a mite of spring onion. Anchovies laid on this mixture, or tomatoes, as the case may be, make a morsel to pray for. The best of all savoury sandwiches, however, is made of coralline butter—butter admixed with a dash of lemon-juice, lobster coral, and young lettuce-leaves laid over it. The newest bicycle-box, an invention for compactly carrying abbreviated luncheons, contains, among other things, an indiarubber sandwich-box, which will keep these dainty appetisers fresh for a whole day. I have just sent one as a birthday *cadeau* to a friend at Homburg, where, I understand, the cycling craze rages mightily at the moment. A wheeling fête, which came off with great *éclat* on July 22, besides being the first festivity of the kind held there, attracted crowds from Frankfort by reason of the novelties contained in

the programme, which provided races, prizes, and excitements galore both for those participating in the game as well as those others who merely looked on. Mrs. Hornor, of Pau, whose genial presence is equally familiar in the Taunus Valley, wore a smart grey gown showing as trimming wide bands of silk in darker tone striped with silver braid. The fan-shaped lace jabot and wide revers on bodice were very becomingly managed.

Sir Frederick and Lady Seager Hunt are taking the waters, as are Lord Edward Manners, Lady Caroline, and Miss Madden, Colonel Lowther and his daughter, who is a mighty tennis-player, and the Viscountess d'Itjuba, whose frocks are the most obviously French possible even in a conspicuously well-dressed season. One of the simpler but quite smart costumes that graced the fête in question was worn by an American just arrived from dear, resourceful Paris, which even in the *demi-saison* does not run dry of new ideas. The thick mauve linen of which this dress was made had a charming trimming of Breton embroidery in red, blue, and yellow, which bordered the three flounces adorning skirt, bands of it showing on sleeves and bodice besides. This embroidery can be had in all manner of gay colours and devices; it makes the best of all additions to linen or batiste. White gros-grain blouses, a very favourite fashion at gay watering- and seaside haunts this year, worn in conjunction with skirts of white sail-cloth or piqué, are so smart and not as extravagant as may at first appear. A good white silk cleans beautifully, and no linen blouse can ever look equally *chic*. Silk batiste, an ideal summer material, does not seem to get the hearing it deserves in this country; why, one cannot imagine, for it is light, cool, smart, and does not crease easily like linen. A bride-elect, whose future lines are cast in India, showed me a grey batiste in her trousseau, embroidered with little knots of pale-green foliage, made over grey silk, and with folded waist-belt and neck-band of light green silk; it was quite charming. In this trousseau too, which came from Jay's, an ideal evening-frock mightily struck my fancy, made of pink moiré, with an over-dress of pink accordion-pleated mousseline-de-soie, spangled with small steel paillettes. A tiny bolero of the moiré was elaborately embroidered. A crossed and folded bodice of cherry-coloured mousseline in two shades showed beneath, and was a *chef d'œuvre* of the modiste's art; its draped waistband of moiré ribbon, folded twice round the figure, was in a still deeper tone, completing a very delicious harmony in shades. There is so much art in these skilful gradations of colour which only dressmakers who inherit the artistic afflatus ever really understand. White with lemon or orange is a favourite combination abroad, but suits the swarthy Southerner better than our clearer-checked damsels, whose pinks, blues, and greens suit the "carnation, lily, rose" of their complexions passing well.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOHLER.—(1) The only place that I can suggest where you might get a replica of that picture in colours is at the Arundel Print Society's dépôt in St. James's Street. I know there are Ghirlandaios published by them, perhaps the one you want among the number. I am sorry to say the Society closes its labours with this year's publication, and does not intend to issue any more. (2) There are six principal hotels at Zermatt, and exchange of meals is possible at all, I fancy. (3) Just the ordinary tailor-mades, plenty of blouses for day and evening. No smart toilettes required. I saw by the papers that you had been at Cowes, and what you wore each day.

J. MALET (Weymouth).—Deadly, I should think, but very recuperative. Here is an idea for a grey cloth travelling-dress. Bolero bodice shorter at back than in front, trimmed with volutes of grey silk on shoulders and front, a decoration very up-to-date, which is repeated on the skirt. A chemisette of embroidered cream-lawn gives freshness and daintiness to the bodice. Three or four of these should be provided and made detachable. Four galons of grey silk placed close together at back of skirt, passing over the hips and spreading in front into the aforesaid volutes, make a very effective form of decoration for a semi-plain tailor-made.

BLOOMER (Colchester).—That I cannot foretell, but think it unlikely; skirts are now made that meet the exigencies of the wheel so perfectly. One made for Princess Charles is divided and made with a narrow tablier, marked on each side by double seams. A paletot jacket of the dark tan covert-coating which composes skirt is also adorned with a double seam, and closes in front with three large buttons of smoked pearl. This is now the smartest form of cycling-gown.

RUSTIC.—(1) In a cottage the size you mention seven pounds ten shillings should cover the cost of paint and paper. If the dining-room has a stone floor and you cannot "run to" carpets, try a Mung mat, which is made of fibre in quaint designs of blue and red, woven seamless and finished with a border. You can get them at Maple's, twelve feet by nine, for about thirty-six shillings, but they are to be had almost any size, and make a capital substitute for carpets. If you allot three pounds for your country-cottage *batterie de cuisine*, and another sum of, say, ten pounds for the necessary table- and bed-linen, you will find them sufficient without being extravagant. (2) Decidedly have the pneumatic cushions—they give no trouble; otherwise you must keep a fire going all winter through. Once the cushions get hard they give endless trouble to get and keep right. (3) Have you ever tried Jay's black suèdes? They have a special make of velvet suède which fit like a second skin. Except you have abnormal hands, it is not necessary to get them made. Mr. Lee, of Wigmore Street, keeps the gusset-glove, which fits to a miracle also. SYBIL.

In the report of the Indian Famine Commissioners, just issued, allusion is made to the various comforts supplied through the charitable contributions from England, and special mention is made of Mellin's Food, which is being largely used by the officers in charge of poor-houses, and with very beneficial results. In most of the cases where Mellin's Food has been used the change after a few weeks in the appearance of the children using it is said to have been marvellous. From walking skeletons they became again the plump and healthy children they once were.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on August 25.

THE MONEY MARKET.

The opinion expressed by the Chairmen, at a number of representative bank meetings during the past four or five weeks, that money would be dearer in the autumn, bids fair to be justified by events. The tendency of the Money Market, as regards discount and loan rates, is distinctly improving. There are and will be ups and downs, but, so far as the indications go, the "ups" have a better chance than the "downs." There is no reason to expect dear money; but there is reason to expect dearer money than the present absurd rates of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for bills of the finest quality, short loans at 5s. to 10s. per cent. per annum, and 1 per cent. per annum for loans into September.

HOME RAILS.

During the Jubilee half-year there was a general belief that the event was going to do something marvellous for Home Railway companies, particularly the passenger lines. But it has not done so. The results of the half-year are most disappointing. A daily contemporary has analysed the accounts of the twelve leading companies, and shows that, out of an aggregate gain of £1,225,851 on the half-year, the net increase in the amount available for Ordinary dividend is only £252,833. It is not to be wondered at. It was perfectly evident at a very early stage that railway stocks were being bought speculatively on the prospect of a profit from Jubilee traffics. The result was not up to expectation; the "bulls" were left with any amount of stock to realise, and they have been doing it, not always at a profit. They have been caught in precisely the same way as the people who thought there was a fortune in letting seats to view the Procession. The universal impression was that there would be an awful crush, and so strong was this impression that it prevented the event expected. Thousands and thousands of people who would have liked to see the Procession stopped at home because they were afraid, in the first instance, of the crowd, and, in the second instance, of the awful prices for seats. So the railway companies, which had made such great and elaborate preparations for a marvellously increased passenger traffic, were sadly disappointed. As regards railways, the Jubilee did not pay its way. At the time of writing, Home Rails are stronger, as the sales by misguided "bulls" seem to be drawing to a close. The professional speculator probably knows what he is about; the recent abnormal and unjustified weakness of Home Rails is due to what we are sorry to describe as that extensive section of the public which does not argue intelligently when financial affairs are concerned. The tradesman who is keen enough in his own business, the clergyman whose sermons are models of logical reason, the old maid who is a splendid organiser of her household—these are just the sort of people who cannot be got to understand that, while a Jubilee Procession, or a race-meeting, or a big cricket or football match is a very fine thing for the railway company which can convey passengers to the desired spot, it does not follow that the traffic-increases resulting therefrom are permanent. And the folly of regarding them as such was never more clearly emphasised than by the buying of Home Rails on account of the Jubilee, all the importance and interest of which depended on the fact of the circumstances being absolutely unique and the impossibility of their recurring in any present lifetime.

YANKEES.

The Making-up prices at the Settlement last week are by no means sensational; but, on the whole, they are satisfactory. Despite the absence of active business, quotations keep wonderfully firm all round; but the great feature is, of course, the rise in American Rails. What is the cause of it is far from clear. We shall not follow the example of the various scribes who assign their own differing reasons for the movement. One says it is due to crop prospects; another ascribes it to the probability of currency reform; a third puts it down to tariff considerations; and so on, *ad infinitum*. Our own view is that these considerations, all of which are pertinent to the subject, ought to be melted up together in order to get a reasonable view of the outlook. There is certainly on the carpet something which points to a better state of matters, as Wall Street is buying the shares held here, and not unloading on the British investor. This leads one to the conclusion that there must be something in it, and that it would be a pity to get left behind for anybody who had a hankering after a venture in Yankees. The rises in American Rails during the fortnight are not of the commonplace or nominal character. They include such figures as $3\frac{3}{4}$ in Atchison 100-year Adjustment Bonds; 5 on Baltimore and Ohio South-Western "A"; 3 on Chesapeake and Ohio; $4\frac{3}{4}$ on Milwaukees; $3\frac{1}{4}$ on Denver Preference; 5 on Erie First Preference; 8 on Illinois Central; $5\frac{3}{4}$ on Louisvilles; $4\frac{1}{2}$ on New York Central; $5\frac{1}{2}$ on Northern Pacific Preference; and $3\frac{1}{2}$ on Southern Railway Preference. These are but specimens. The rises are so sudden and amount to so much that we are just a little doubtful as to whether this boomlet is not being overdone. *Nous verrons.*

CANADIAN RAILS.

That the rise in American Rails is based on intrinsic conditions of one kind or another, we are inclined to believe; and that belief is supported by the fact that Grand Trunks and Canadian Pacifics have also gone up during the past Account. For some mysterious reason, of which the secret rests with Mr. Wetenhall, along with many other mysteries of the Official List and the Making-up Price List, the Canadian Pacific is included

among American securities, and the Grand Trunk among railways in British possessions. If we were entrusted with the compilation of those lists, we should include both among the railways in British possessions. But if there were any particular reason for putting the two in separate categories, we think we should have enough common-sense to reverse the process. The Canadian Pacific, which is described as an American security, is not in America; the Grand Trunk, officially described as being a railway in British possessions, has, as a matter of fact, a large proportion of its mileage in American territory. That is by the way. To return to the question of prices, in the Making-up List we find such rises as $4\frac{1}{2}$ on Grand Trunk Guaranteed, $2\frac{1}{4}$ on the First Preference, and $\frac{1}{4}$ on the Ordinary. The last of these looks like an anti-climax; but in reality it is very far from being so. The advance is from $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $6\frac{3}{4}$, which is equivalent to a profit of nearly 5 per cent. on the face-value of a stock on which the prospects of dividend are just about as remote as on any stock officially quoted.

The fact that the half-yearly statement of the Grand Trunk Railway—even "subject to audit"—shows a modest surplus of £2700 against a deficit of £82,000 in the corresponding half of 1896 is a great feather in the cap of the new Board, but is it enough to justify the recent immense jump in prices?

CHAFFEY BROTHERS.

At the offices of the Official Receiver of Companies in Liquidation, 33, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C., there is to be held on Friday next a meeting of the First Mortgage Debenture-holders of Chaffey Bros., Limited, "for the purpose of receiving a report from the Senior Official Receiver as to the present position of the debenture-holders' security, and of considering certain proposals made by the Government of the said Colony of Victoria for affording support to the Settlement of Mildura, and, if approved, of passing special resolutions" of a rather inchoate character. The exact character of the procedure is vague. The fact that Mr. Barnes, the Senior Official Receiver, has so far associated himself with the matter as to have the meeting held at these offices, and that the report to be considered bears the signature of a responsible officer of the department, is *prima facie* evidence that the scheme to be propounded has been ably and honestly framed; but we cannot admire the vague manner in which the matter is put before those who are pecuniarily concerned. A good deal less stationery and a little more information might have given those unfortunate debenture-holders a much better chance of judging what they ought to do. But the responsibility does not seem to lie with the Official Receiver's department this time. We must go to the other side of the world to find the authors of the scheme. The matter is so complex that we must condense our advice into this: If the Senior Official Receiver at the meeting recommends the scheme, vote for it, because through his agents and personally he has gone into the various matters involved; but do not give any such proxy as you are asked to execute practically blindfold.

THE LOWER ROODEPOORT SCANDAL.

The result of the poll was so decisively against the directors that, we hear, only two hundred of the votes given for them survived scrutiny, while over sixty thousand were cast against them. It is whispered, however, that the directors have resorted to some secret manoeuvres of a very daring and desperate character, with the object of evading dismissal. This seems to lend plausibility to the contention put forward by Mr. Hopper and his committee, that there must be something in the past which, at all risks, *has to be covered up*, and that the attempted reconstruction scheme, so ably frustrated by Mr. Hopper's vigilance, was, in reality, a scheme for burying this dangerous past. Directors, even of the type of Colonel Hughes-Hallett, seldom resort to tactics of a very compromising character unless they fear an exposure of a still more compromising character.

THE GRAND CENTRAL MINING COMPANY.

We have had such a disappointing experience of this company, which was brought out just twelve months ago under excellent auspices, and we so often get inquiries about its prospects, that we think it may interest our readers to publish the following table of the crushings of the company this year, although the July crushing has not yet been confirmed by letter—

		Tons Crushed.	Producing.	Net Profit.
January...	...	2,700	£13,000	£6,000
February...	...	3,600	11,000	5,000
March...	...	3,717	10,000	3,500
April...	...	4,039	12,000	6,000
May...	...	4,500	10,800	4,800
June...	...	4,460	9,736	3,863
July...	...	4,490	9,730	4,130

As compared with the prospects of the property twelve months ago, when we bought our shares, this is rather a poor show; but still, a mine that can make £33,293 net profit in seven months is worth something. We trust, however, that development and exploratory work has not been neglected. The Company has 323 acres.

PROVINCIAL OPERA.

If the Tunbridge Wells Opera House can turn out in its performances anything half as funny as the letter from Sir David Salomons, Bart., which accompanies the prospectus, the enterprise is bound to be a great success. At considerable length Sir David explains that if the venture succeeds it will be a success, and if it doesn't it won't. Among other jocular remarks, of which, we presume, the humour is unconscious, he

says that he "should think there is no town in England where a better opening offers itself for a first-class, well-constructed theatre than Tunbridge Wells." But then he adds, "Whether such a building would pay or not depends entirely on the management, and the class of entertainment afforded." There is a great deal in that, and shareholders who have gone in for similar ventures will endorse this portion of the views of Sir David Salomons.

SKINNER'S "MINING MANUAL."

The ninth, or 1897, edition of "The Mining Manual," by Mr. Walter R. Skinner, shows no symptoms of atrophy. It contains, in fact, 188 pages more than the substantial eighth edition, though it boasted of no less than 1356 pages, against the modest 532 pages of the first edition, published less than ten years ago. The "record" number of 4291 new companies was registered at Somerset House last year, and the new "Skinner" deals with more than one thousand mining companies not in the 1896 edition.

Though a record year in company promotion, and notwithstanding the application to the industry of such an enormous quantity of capital and labour, 1896 was not a record year in gold production. This will surprise those who are constantly asking what is to become of all the gold which is being produced. As a matter of fact, the gold production of the world in 1896 was 55,158 oz., or £195,810, less than that of 1895. There was a falling off of over 30,000 oz. in the New Zealand production, and of 100,000 oz. in the Russian output, besides other minor reductions, and the increases in Australia, South Africa, India, and America were not sufficient to fully counterbalance these fallings-off. The warning contained in these figures will be apparent to everyone. It is easy to put good money into a gold-mine; it is not always easy to take it out again. It is and must continue a hazardous and speculative industry.

We have taken some trouble to test the accuracy of Mr. Skinner's admirable manual, and, notwithstanding the immense amount of information condensed into it, the only mistake we have been able so far to detect is a slight omission in the notice of "The Lower Roodepoort, Limited." The notice ends with the words, "The company is to be reconstructed." We think the editor accidentally omitted the words, "if by hook or by crook the directors can manage it."

FULLY PAID SHARES AND THE COMPANIES ACTS.

The Legislature in its wisdom has decreed that all shares in a limited company shall be deemed to be paid for in cash unless a contract is registered with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies at Somerset House providing otherwise. The enactment will be found in Section 25 of the Companies Act 1867, and around it have grown up such a number of legal decisions that there can be little doubt the authors of the section would be vastly surprised if they could look back on the effect of their handiwork. In the first place, from this section has grown up the now well settled law that no company can issue shares at a discount, and although the difficulty can be evaded with comparative ease, it is none the less a very unsatisfactory state of the law. A company may issue debentures bearing any rate of interest however high at any discount it pleases; but preference or ordinary shares cannot theoretically be parted with for less than par.

In the second place, there must be substantial consideration for the issue of fully or partly paid shares, even if you register a contract; that is to say, a company cannot give "John Smith" fully or partly paid shares even if the most formal contract is registered setting out the exact truth. To such an extent has this doctrine been carried that in a reconstruction it is very doubtful how far the Courts would recognise the partly paid nature of the shares given to the old shareholders, if the total sum so credited upon them is out of all proportion to the value of the assets acquired.

In the third place, a company cannot issue fully paid shares in payment for goods delivered, machinery supplied, or suchlike transaction, if the arrangement was made to pay in this way before the goods were supplied, without registering a contract setting out the facts; and there are dozens of other cases in which the law is unwittingly violated every day; but, fortunately, the rigour of the law has been tempered by a series of cases, now well established, the fact being that, however wrong the issue of fully paid shares may have been, and however much the original holders of these shares could have been made liable to pay up their face-value, if once a transfer is made to an innocent holder who has no knowledge of the circumstances under which the shares were issued, the certificate given to such innocent person prevents any claim being successfully made, so that from the point of view of our readers, unless they are original allottees of and continue to hold fully or partly paid shares, they need be under no apprehension as to the question of liability.

ISSUES.

The Amalgamated Pneumatic Tyre Companies, Limited, is now out. It will mark an era in amalgamations and in the history of pneumatic tyres. The share capital is £1,000,000, and there is to be in addition £300,000 5 per cent. debenture stock. An impression has existed for some little time that this combination was being formed for the purpose of running up the price of pneumatic tyres, but we are glad to see but little evidence of this in the prospectus. Such a policy would be unwise in their own interests. It would only foster existing and create fresh competition. The figures published in the prospectus show that the present prices of pneumatic tyres are sufficient to enable the Dunlop Company to earn in eighteen months profits amounting to what the prospectus rightly calls "the enormous sum of £998,824 1s. 8d.," and, though the profits of the amalgamated companies are not stated (which is a pity), it is clear

that they are doing a big trade, and, if they do not pay too much for royalties, ought to be able at present prices to earn very large profits as long as the patents continue. There is plenty of scope for decreasing expenses and increasing profits, in the matter of working-expenses, travellers, advertising, &c., to say nothing of the important item of litigation. At the same time intending investors should study the contracts open for inspection, and particularly one of July 10, 1897, as they certainly do include some "arrangements as to the increased prices to be charged by this company for tyres." One thing is certain, that the company has a Board of Directors that knows pretty well everything worth knowing about pneumatic tyres, and that the company is taking over large established businesses.

The Smoke Prevention and Engineering Syndicate, Limited, with a capital of £35,000, has been formed to purchase for £30,000 a provisional protection, &c., to one of those wonderful contrivances for preventing smoke which turn up at this season of the year with the regularity of the big gooseberry, the shower of frogs, and the Sea Serpent. It is an attractive company, if only for the fact that its Board of Directors will be presided over by the Hon. (and venerable) J. F. Vesey Fitzgerald, who already assists in conducting such notable undertakings as the Fraser South Extended, Hannan's Golden Dyke, the Irene (Hauraki), the Lady Florence United, and the Marie Rose.

Puriri Gold Estates, Limited, with a capital of £175,000, is another notable company which has secured the services (as chairman) of the venerable Vesey Fitzgerald. We do not know anything else in its favour, but surely that is enough!

Saturday, Aug. 14, 1897.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SPECULATOR.—A clerk earning 25s. a-week ought not to speculate on the Stock Exchange. You could probably successfully defend the action if you went to a solicitor accustomed to dealing with such gentry as the so-called "jobber" who deals with clerks and writes letters "threatening criminal proceedings," but, if you allow judgment to go by default, we think he could get "an instalment order," as you call it, by a judgment summons.

X.—Although the earnings will probably be large as long as the principal patent lasts, we should try to sell the shares if they were ours. The litigation and other expenses are very heavy, and the company was grossly over-capitalised.

D. E. E.—(1) We are very greatly dissatisfied in regard to this company. Like yourself we bought shares at about top prices, and the explanations which have been given to account for the utter falsification of most confident reports by apparently thoroughly competent men are, to our mind, most unsatisfactory. See this week's Notes. (2) The area of this rich little mine being only eleven claims, it seems to us that the present market capitalisation of the property (£800,000) is quite high enough, though possibly a purchaser who put all his dividends to capital account would get back the whole of the purchase-money, with some interest, before the mine is exhausted. (3) They are still considered a good spec. in some quarters, but you must remember that the market-price has risen $\frac{1}{2}$ since early in June and is now considerably more than double what it was earlier in the year.

A. K.—(1) A fair speculation. (2) See answer No. 3 to "D. E. E." (3) Spoken well of by "the shop," but we should not care to invest in them ourselves. (4) A good mine. (5) There are five quoted companies bearing a similar name, but none of them spell the name as in your letter. If you mean the Langlaagte Estate and Gold-mining Company, Limited, we may say that the market opinion is slightly more in favour of a rise than of a fall. 6 and 7 are, of course, highly speculative, but there is no doubt that both of them at present are prosperous.

A CONSTANT READER.—Personally, we decidedly should prefer No. 2, but it is a matter of opinion.

LEX.—We are sorry to say that we are considerable holders of these shares ourselves, and we are considerably disappointed at the last published reports, but one of the directors (whom we know very well personally) takes a more hopeful view of the property, and, as the shares are only saleable at a very small price, we intend, for our part, to hold on for the present and hope for the best.

AVON.—(1) We do not care much for any of the lot, but possibly the last may yet turn out well. (2) It is a big gamble, and in the hands of clever gamblers; but, if you are fortunate enough not to be in any way involved in the pie, we advise you to keep out of it.

SILENTIA.—(1) To use the word "investment" in connection with a gamble of this kind is absurd. In our opinion, it is not even a hopeful gamble. The preference shares have duly received their 6 per cent. dividend since the company was started last November, this having been guaranteed for five years. The reason the shares are below par is, of course, that the underwriters were "heavily stuck," and are trying to unload on to the public. (2) The company is doing a good business, and we should not be afraid to hold the preference shares; but we should hardly like to buy the ordinaries at present quotations. (3) In this case you again improperly use the term "investment." Personally, we have no faith in this concern or in the people by whom it is run; but even its warmest friends would surely never speak of the concern as "a safe investment." It has very little solid assets of any kind, and its enormous capital—or rather, capital and water, with a very little capital and a great deal of water—is almost entirely represented by patents which have only a few years to run. Until these patents run out, the company will, no doubt, continue to earn large profits, and to divide them up to the hilt.

BENEDICT.—See answer No. 2 under head of "Avon."

TOPAZ.—For the present we advise you to have nothing to do with any of them.

ADVANCE.—Please repeat your inquiry. Your previous letter has been lost.

ROYER.—A bad investment, in our opinion.

BURBANK.—(1) Our original information was from a good source. The same source is as confident as ever, but other opinions which we have since obtained are far less favourable. Probably both sets of opinions are equally honest and almost equally capable, but one set is mistaken. We cannot at present say which. Hence our silence. (2) We think not. (3) Both very speculative. We prefer the first ourselves, but we shall not buy either.

R. B. R.—Unless the company's Articles are very unusual, you must pay the call, or the directors will forfeit your shares, and afterwards sue you for the call and interest.

F. C. P.—We have no reason to think the mine worked out. Considering the nominal value of the shares, the present price seems to us rather good. We do not advise a purchase of either of the other concerns you name.

R. H. W.—We cannot recommend either. One is in Chili and the other in Entre Rios, the most locust-infested province of the Argentine Confederation. The *City Press* (148, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.) had special articles on the Argentine Railways on April 21 and 28. They may give you the information you require.